Rabin's Declaration of Independence *Terence Smith*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Bribery and Other Costs Of Doing Business Abroad

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from Washington
May 17, 1975

Out of Reach

The break-in occurred June 17, 1972; the resignation August 9, two years later. In the final 18 months there was turmoil. Outside crises beset the world's most powerful nation—the consequences of the 1973 Middle East war, the oil emergency, rising inflation, assorted economic dislocations, Vietnam—but people couldn't concentrate, it was all Watergate.

"Two years may be commendable deliberateness in the determination of personal guilt," says Hans A. Linde, law professor at the University of Oregon, in a symposium that fills the whole of the forthcoming issue of the law review of George Washington University ($5). "It is no way to conduct a government."

The symposium focuses on one subject: Is there some better way for Congress to get rid of a discredited President than impeachment? To be specific, how about the constitutional amendment proposed by Democratic Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin? The premise is that it should be possible under extraordinary circumstances to replace a President before the end of a four-year term by means other than impeachment, and that such an extraordinary removal should be followed by a timely election of a new President. Mr. Reuss wants to graft a parliamentary-style "no confidence" vote on our government. If both houses voted a three-fifths majority, Congress would be empowered to compel a special election. And, to make sure that they didn't act capriciously, Congress would be required to put its own neck in the noose, too, and stand for reelection.

Radical? Indeed, yes, and some of the baker's dozen of distinguished law professors and political scientists discussing it can hardly contain their scholarly distaste. Yet, on the other hand, shall we leave the system as it is, with a President so invulnerable that, in the biting comment of James Sundquist, Brookings Institution senior fellow, "Under our system a Neville Chamberlain would stay in office for his full term even if that meant losing a war and the very freedom of our nation." Remember that Theodore White in his new book, *Breach of Faith*, concludes that Nixon was an "unstable personality" whose conduct became "increasingly erratic."

Has Watergate taught us anything? Jerry Ford is a disarming fellow of exemplary commonplaceness whose incalculable virtue is that he isn't Richard Nixon. Suddenly now a post-Watergate burst of Nixon books appears, coinciding with Vietnam's collapse—a war where uncontrolled power allowed Nixon to invade Cambodia, and to order carpet-bombing. Now Congress has temporarily reasserted itself but all the pressures in history are toward a strong executive. Suppose America's next Nixon is charismatic, driven by internal fires into a imperial role.

To impeach Nixon all Congress had to do in 1974 was decide what "high crimes and misdemeanors" meant, and then catch him with "the smoking pistol." Few thought that was possible until the incriminating tapes showed up, so thoughtfully provided by Nixon himself. Only 18½ minutes were erased. "Anyone with any sense in the White House knew who had erased the tape," says Jimmy Breslin in his new book, *How the Good Guys Finally Won*. "Nixon had."

"It was a closer thing than we like to admit," observes University of Minnesota law professor Samuel Krislov in the symposium. Others note that the Nixon resignation wasn't a vindication of the system; it was the result of coincidences, beginning with an inquisitive guard and ending with a leftover founding father, Sam Ervin.

As Arthur Selwyn Miller of George Washington law school puts it: "In retrospect, it is incredible that all those events could have happened. It is even more incredible to say that a series of fortuities means that the system is working."

Half the legal experts consulted oppose the Reuss proposal, and nobody likes it much. But that really isn't the question. Nobody likes to jump off a ledge, but suppose a bull is charging you? You don't linger.

In many ways the American government shows its age. We hail the founding fathers, but they didn't mean us to have the system we have. Madison thought Congress would be paramount, the President a messenger boy. Most of them assumed the President would be chosen by some elitist group, the electoral college, say, or perhaps by peers in Congress, the way Mrs. Margaret Thatcher was just picked by other MPs to head the British Conservative party and replace Edward Heath. The fathers couldn't have imagined the presidential primary system; nor the way the American presidency now combines monarch and prime minister, let alone commander-in-chief and Archbishop of Canterbury, for he is head of state, head of government, head of armed forces and presumed head of the nation's ethical establishment.

Congress can exert a kind of blackmail against a President but many of the panel of experts agree that Congress, as now organized, can't govern. Fletcher Baldwin of the University of Florida attributes its inherent "inertia and stagnation" to the local basis of its selection, not counterbalanced by strong party discipline, as in England.

The separation of powers seems eroded, too; the President is on top. Fifty years have seen a decline in the power of the states, of Congress and of the cabinet, and the aggrandizement of the executive. Harvard's Samuel H. Beer feels that since the impeachment process "did work in the case of President Nixon," then "Congress should leave things as they are." But most participants have the uneasy feeling that something ought to be done. James Sundquist puts it succinctly: "Every four years we elect a President through democratic processes. Between elections, however, he reigns out of reach of any sanctions—as long as he avoids getting caught committing an indictable felony. Absent such a mistake, no matter how outrageously he defaults in the exercise of the presidential powers, nor what the consequences are to the country, he remains in office . . . This is a situation that Americans tolerate in few other institutions."

Possibly the existence of the Reuss no-confidence procedure would force closer consultation between the President and Congress. There's no chance it will be adopted soon. But it is important to begin talking seriously about what should be done about the presidency.

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Weighing The Risks

With 55 nuclear plants already in operation, more than 200 scheduled to be running by 1985 and $10 billion planned in government subsidies to the new "breeder reactor," it is late to begin asking whether nuclear power is worth the price. But that is the question many congressmen will ask themselves for the first time this year. One reason Congress is taking a fresh look at nuclear power is that the old Joint Atomic Energy Committee, once the exclusive arbiter of things nuclear, lost some of its clout in the new Congress because two of its leading members, both avid supporters of the nuclear program, have now retired. In the bureaucracy the old Atomic Energy Commission has also been split, losing its licensing authority to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) and its promotional authority to the new Energy Research and Development Administration. (ERDA).

Rep. Morris Udall (D, Ariz.) opened what he called a "national debate" on the values and risks of nuclear power in April with a compressed set of hearings in the House energy and environment subcommittee. It was intended as an introduction; details will be examined later. Testimony was taken in double doses, usually with a professional booster of nuclear power and a critic sitting side by side at the witness table. The aim was to have the specialists confront one another, and not ignorant congressmen, so that the true causes of the dispute would become apparent even to casual observers. The purpose of all this is to help Congress decide whether it should impose a five-year moratorium on construction of new nuclear power plants and, during the interval, to study the costs and benefits of nuclear power once again. The visible force behind this idea is Ralph Nader.

In the first few days of hearings, though witnesses often wouldn't debate one another as planned, it was apparent that the differences over nuclear power aren't of a scientific kind. The argument is speculative, based more on the interpretation of probabilities than any dispute over facts. What one person sees as a modest risk suggests to another terrifying possibilities. The "debate" is remarkably like an argument over religious dogma. Almost any significant point, it seems, can be interpreted differently according to various nuclear doctrines.

As an example, consider the difference that came out in the hearings

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over a fire that tore through the control room of the Browns Ferry nuclear complex in Alabama this March. The fire started when a workman lifted a candle to the ceiling to check an air leak and accidentally set ablaze the insulation around some cables that controlled the reactor's emergency cooling system. The emergency pumps and fans were disconnected. If the regular cooling system had failed at the same time, it's almost certain that a "meltdown" would have occurred, meaning that the radioactive core of the system would have gone out of control, overheated and begun burning its way through the reactor, the container, the floors of the building, and come to rest somewhere deep underground. A "meltdown" is the catastrophe that emergency cooling systems are designed to prevent. If one ever occurs, it could very well squirt radioactive poison into the groundwater system or the atmosphere, and it would force people living within 30 or 40 miles of the reactor to leave home quickly, for an indefinite exile. (A 40-mile radius drawn around the three nuclear plants at Indian Point in Westchester County, New York would take in 18 million people.)

Dr. Henry Kendall, a physics professor at MIT and a founder of the Union of Concerned Scientists, described the Browns Ferry fires as an illustration of the nuclear program's blindness to simple dangers. In the hearings he said that an emergency system shutdown of this kind was considered by the pro-nuclear advocates a near impossibility. The statistical methods used to fix the risk of accidents like this, he said, do not adequately account for multiple failures, design flaws or human error. The author of the government's study on the risks of nuclear power, Dr. Norman Rasmussen of MIT, sitting next to his colleague Kendall, read the Browns Ferry fire quite differently. To him it was a ringing affirmation of the statistical methods used in his report. Rasmussen said, "You'll find in the appendices of [my report] the probability that these two safety systems will be simultaneously failed [sic]. The value is about two hours out of every 100,000 hours" of plant operation. Since the Browns Ferry plant had been running about 300,000 hours, and since the emergency systems were out for only five of those hours, Rasmussen concluded that his prediction had been right. Two in 100,000 hours is about the same as five in 300,000. The fact that the plant was one step away from a meltdown was of no significance.

Dr. Rasmussen's logic is a good example of the arcane nature of the dispute now before us. He did not say that there is no risk of catastrophe; he said that his statistical work leads him to *believe* there will be no catastrophe. The Rasmussen study, the first draft of which was issued last August, estimates that the chance of a meltdown accident is about one in every 17,000 years of a reactor's life (thus one in 17 years if 1000 reactors are going), and the chance of a major leak much smaller. As he put it, a person living next to a nuclear reactor is more likely to be killed by a meteor than by a radiation leak. But the laws of probabilities do not say that a rare catastrophe must come at the end of a long and uneventful period. It can come at the beginning. Just as fervently as Rasmussen believes there is no likelihood of a serious nuclear accident, the doubters say it could happen at any time.

Another risk that's dealt with in speculative terms is the threat of sabotage. Rasmussen didn't try to calculate the probabilities of a successful attack on a nuclear plant or fuel shipment because he felt there was no way to quantify this risk. Yet the danger is real: ERDA this year doubled its budget allotment for precautionary anti-terrorist measures. The doubters have publicized the blackmail issue to show how vulnerable the program is, and to dramatize their charge that officials are more interested in promoting the growth of the nuclear industry than in making it safe. Rasmussen responded that saboteurs have dozens of other installations to choose from, and if they are determined to wreak havoc, they will find these more accessible than nuclear sites.

The argument over shipment of toxic nuclear material follows the same line. Plutonium, one of the most deadly components of the nuclear package, is destined to become a commodity like any other chemical if the nuclear industry has its way, shipped around the country, processed in commercial factories and burned in hundreds of power plants. One millionth of a gram of plutonium can cause cancer if lodged in the lung. Tons of it will be in circulation by the year 2000 if plans go according to schedule. The nuclear promoters say it will present no danger. The stuff will be hauled in armored trucks and guarded at all times by quasi-military squads. One physicist suggested it will be no more worrisome than arsenic trioxide, a common industrial chemical of great toxicity that, like plutonium, does not decay in human time scales.

The success of the nuclear program thus depends on faith. People who design, manage and finance nuclear reactors are confident of their ability to foresee dangers and avoid them. They admit that if a major accident ever does occur, it will do great damage, perhaps kill thousands of people, but they insist that in the past nuclear power has proved far less destructive than such fossil fuel operations as the mining and burning of coal. They believe the good record will continue. But as Ralph Nader has said, if public confidence in nuclear power cracks, the entire program will be in jeopardy. The shock following a major accident, Nader believes, could force all reactors in the country to close down. While nuclear power only provides about one percent of US energy needs today, it is scheduled to provide 10 to 14 percent by 1985. Closing the industry for repairs and revisions a decade from now would provoke a genuine energy crisis, and that is why Nader wants to move cautiously today.

The old Atomic Energy Commission never had much taste for democracy. It viewed the inner workings of

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the nuclear business as too fragile and precious to be shared with the hostile outer world, and over the years it developed a patronizing habit of shielding the public from bad news. Unfavorable studies and dissenting views—especially those written by AEC staffers—were often suppressed. However such things have a way of leaking out, and, since the passage of the Freedom of Information Act, they have cascaded into the hands of nuclear critics like Nader and Henry Kendall. Nader ran through a list of these offenses in his testimony. The most striking was the suppression of the "Brookhaven study" of nuclear reactor risks made in 1964. The scientists who worked on this project concluded that a "worst-case" reactor accident might kill as many as 45,000 people and disturb an area as large as the state of Pennsylvania. The AEC decided not to release the study because, as one member of the project feared, " . . . these results would strengthen opposition to further nuclear power." It was pried out of the AEC in 1973 through a lawsuit filed under the Freedom of Information Act. The realization that the AEC edited out bad news for 20 years or so has already shaken public confidence in the nuclear program.

There are other, more concrete reasons to doubt the competence of the nuclear establishment. The critics have assembled a file of technical complaints dealing with equipment testing, design flaws, personnel training and many other aspects of the industry. But the simplest example is perhaps the most compelling. The brains, power and wealth of America's nuclear establishment have not yet solved the most fundamental of all questions—where will the garbage go? This is known as the problem of radioactive waste management. It ought to embarrass the promoters of the clean, efficient fuel of the 21st century that after 30 years of producing nuclear material, they still can't explain where they intend to dump their toxic trash.

On April 29 Dr. James Liverman, ERDA's assistant administrator in charge of environmental and safety problems, testified that the government now has a pilot project that may help dispose of some nuclear wastes in the late 1980s. The government is surveying a salt mine in New Mexico for this purpose, but hasn't decided what it will put there, or how much or when. It may decide to bury nuclear wastes in granite formations near the coast of the state of Washington, but then it has a couple of other options under consideration too. Although ERDA wrote a proposal for handling commercial wastes some time ago, it decided this year the plan wasn't good enough and withdrew it. A new one is in the works, but it will take many months to write. Liverman said, "It is impossible to take any affirmative action on construction of facilities to manage commercial radioactive waste for at least two years. . . ." In the meantime commercial plants will be asked to hold onto their garbage until ERDA makes up its mind.

The meddling of nonscientists and nonbureaucrats in the affairs of the nuclear establishment has clearly had a beneficial effect. At the very least it has identified dangers early and forced officials to act. But Nader and the concerned scientists of MIT have not established that nuclear technology is too demanding or dangerous to be used by a democracy. What they have shown beyond a doubt is that their findings deserve the attention they are getting in hearings like these, and that this sort of criticism should be encouraged. By immersing itself in this controversy, Congress ought to be able to learn how to weed out the bad programs from the good (and the breeder reactor may be one of the bad ones), just as it tries to do in selecting defense projects.

Prague Winter

Even as our détente with the Soviet bloc seems to be the only quiet front in the relations of nations, voices from what Neville Chamberlain called the "far away country of which we know nothing" reached the West to remind us that what followed the "Prague Spring" of 1968 is a long, sad winter. Two remarkable documents from leaders of Czechoslovakia's brief experiment in democracy testify to the fact that, although the repression in that country may be less visible than in Brazil or Chile, not all Czechs have resigned themselves to the "socialism that came in from the cold."

The first is the memoirs of Joseph Smrkovsky who had been president of the Parliament until 1969 and for six years openly opposed the regime imposed by the Red army. Before he died last year he dictated the only firsthand account of Soviet efforts to destroy the Czech leadership—an effort, impeded somewhat as it turned out, by early difficulties the Russians had in gathering even a handful of collaborators to form a so-called "worker and peasant" government.

The second document is Alexander Dubček's only public statement since his removal as first party secretary, also six years ago. Dubček has now assumed the role of public critic hitherto assumed by Smrkovsky. His statement is significant not only because the accusations it makes against the current Prague regime are telling, but because it reflects the resilience of "socialism with a human face." He does not recant or beg for an improvement of his personal position; his decision to speak out is an indication of the failure of the Prague government to break him morally. Nor has the government succeeded in erasing him from the people's memory: he is still prevented from working in a factory because of anxieties about what worker contact with him might mean.

Dubček argues that the Warsaw Pact invasion was able to prevent the reform of Czech society but not eradicate the roots of the crisis. The government's response to his criticisms reflects persistent official fear

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of the 1968 vision: Dubček was asked to "pack his bags and go to one of these bourgeois states the freedom of which he glorifies." The current Husak government has, in fact, been unable to find means of coping with the society's accumulated problems other than to mix repression with a freer flow of previously unavailable consumer products. Having lost the right to free political expression, the Czech citizen is supposed to satisfy himself with his newly gained access to imported goods.

In cultural matters the "normalization" produced what the French Communist poet Louis Aragon called "the Biafra of the spirit." More than 300 authors were put on the "index." Those banned included Ludvik Vaculik, whose manifesto of 2000 words was seen as the precipitating cause of the 1968 invasion; Graham Greene, Gunter Grass, Albert Einstein. At the same time a literary hack, Alexej Pludek, received the Czech national book award for his anti-Semitic novel, *Vabank*. In it the inevitable "positive" hero of socialist realist fiction returns from an engineering project in Syria to find Prague has become, in 1967, the center of Zionist intrigue aimed at "the seizure of the governments of the main countries in the world in five years." The revisionist mood is the Zionists' first achievement.

Between 1969 and 1972 two-thirds of Czech journalists were fired. In the universities "the moral and political profile" of parents (*i.e.*, their zeal in welcoming the "brotherly help" of August 1968) became the chief criterion for student admissions. Many university professors, if allowed to work at all, were forced to become construction workers or cab drivers, giving Czechoslovakia the highest percentage of hardhats with PhDs. One observer suggests that this is what the Husak government means by raising the cultural level of the working class!

The jails are still filled with political prisoners of every dissident stripe, none more severely punished than heretical Communists; and the party continues to console itself with "landslide victories" of 99.9 percent of the votes. Under the banner of a "return to Leninism," the Communist party was purged of a half million members. Other social institutions and especially the trade unions were comparably treated, leaving the political system isolated from society. Having imposed silence the bureaucracy rules a country in which no malfunction in the system, no injustice, no grievance can be heard until pressure builds to the point of explosion.

Seven years after the Russian tanks rolled into Budapest, Hungary's puppet premier Janos Kadar, announcing that "he who is not against us is with us," proclaimed a partial amnesty and embarked on a series of mild liberal reforms. Today, almost seven years after the hopes of the Prague Spring were crushed, the Soviet-sponsored government of Comrade Husak has not yet established a new consensus and the Czech's "Kadar" certainly does not seem ready for a thaw.

Rocky's Alibi

It is interesting to note, now that the US involvement in Vietnam is over, how many of those who formerly backed the war would now have us believe that they really had had reservations about the conflict all along. One of the more ingenious rationalizations comes from Vice President Rockefeller, who suggested to leaders of the National Urban Coalition the other day that he would have denounced America's commitment to Vietnam had he not, as governor of New York, been concerned about obtaining federal aid for his state. Political life requires compromises, Rockefeller said. "You don't kick people in Washington in the shins if you can expect them to do something for you." The record shows, of course, that Rockefeller was more than a reluctant supporter of Vietnam policy through several administrations, having asserted as far back as 1964 that "winning the fight for freedom in Vietnam is essential to the survival of all Asia."

Environmental Protection

Early this spring the National Park Service announced that it wanted to change federal regulations and in so doing ban public nudity from the Cape Cod National Seashore, that is to say, from places where people swim, fish, hike, beachcomb and find other recreation. Nudity, to be precise about it, would be banished everywhere except in "the enclosed portions of bathhouses, restrooms, public showers," and in trailers and tents.

One might gather that the Park Service is merely doing what it sees as its duty to preserve public morals. But that, in this permissive age, is not it at all. The true purpose is to reduce traffic in Barnstable County, Massachusetts. According to the Park Service "the intent of the regulations [sic] are to control public nudity in its incipient stage prior to the heavy visitor use season. Public nudity as a prime attraction reached major proportions in certain areas of the Seashore during the summer of 1974 leading to extensive resource damage from indiscriminate vehicle travel and parking, personal property damage and infractions from trespass."

The Park Service threw the matter open for comment for 30 days and received 227 letters, 118 in favor of the prohibition and 109 opposed. Since the ayes seem, barely, to have it, the ban will go into effect this week. Lest anyone quibble over what nudity is, the bureaucrats are quite exact: "Public nudity is a person's intentional failure to cover with a fully opaque covering that person's own genitals, pubic areas, rectal area, or female breast below a point immediately above the tip

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of the areola." Of course if you are under 10 years of age and not covered, you're not covered by the ban. Any questions?

After the Fall Of Danang

"Things went so fast that we did not even have time to set up a revolutionary committee to manage the city. So for the time being the city is run by a military administrative committee." Pham Duc Nam, chairman of the Provincial Revolutionary Committee and member of the Danang Military Committee, smiled. A thickset man in his early 50s, he was dressed in a white shirt, gray slacks and wore light brown plastic sandals. "Our first priority," he added, "is to restore normal living conditions in the city."

For all practical purposes, after four weeks of revolutionary rule, this goal has been accomplished. Danang today presents the image of a city at peace with itself. On Le Loi Street traffic is as thick as it ever was. The marketplace is bustling with activity and foreign goods are prominently displayed. Tea has not yet replaced Coca Cola and the rice bags still display the three red bars of the defunct Saigon flag. As far as damage is concerned, the city is intact, for the good reason that there never was a battle for Danang. On the day the city fell to the Quang Giaiphong, the "liberation soldiers," the Saigon regime did not even have a chance to surrender because it had already literally dissolved. In Danang, one Vietnam did not replace another Vietnam: the revolution stepped into a vacuum. When Gen. Thieu, following the fall of Banmethuot, made the monumental blunder of his career and ordered a retreat that turned into a rout, culminating six weeks later in the fall of Saigon, the revolutionaries made a total about-face, as far as tactics were concerned.

"In a matter of 24 hours," explained a high-ranking official in Hanoi, "we reversed our whole strategy. Before, we used to concentrate on the countryside. Now we decided to throw all our forces in the battle and head straight for the cities."

On March 26 three ARVN divisions including about 110,000 men plus 200,000 refugees from Hue were crowded into Danang. The Saigon forces were intact and there was enough ammunition for a six-month siege. Thirty-six hours later, without a single shot having been fired, the ARVN had ceased to exist as a fighting unit. "First," explained a French teacher, Marc Thevenin, who had stayed in the city throughout the crisis, "the officers fled by air taking with them the ground crews so that the pilots that had stayed on could not get their planes started. Left without leaders the army fell apart.

"On March 28 widespread looting started. The rice stocks were sacked and in the hospitals the army and the local staff stole all the drugs in order to sell them on the black market. Then the army started shooting civilians at random, often to steal their motorcycles. By then half of the army was in civilian clothes, which they had stolen. For 36 hours, with the Vietcong nowhere in sight but with rumors of their arrival constantly spreading, the city became a nightmare. By that time the population had but one hope: that the Vietcong would arrive as quickly as possible to restore order, any order."

Then on the morning of the 29th suddenly the looting stopped. By midday the streets were deserted. The sky was overcast and the sidewalks glistened under a soft, warm rain. It was just past noon when the first Quang Giaiphong appeared. They came from the south and had covered 60 miles on foot in the past two days. On the outskirts of the city they were met by local youths waving Buddhist flags who had mounted American trucks. As the trucks toured the city, small groups would dismount at street corners, where they were joined by some of the local Vietcong underground, which was now surfacing, sporting red armbands and American weapons. The population eyed them with awed curiosity. When on duty, the Quang Giaiphong men did not smile or loaf in front of shopwindows. They carried 70 pounds of equipment on their backs, they wore sandals instead of boots and they paid for what they bought. Slowly small groups formed around them. By early afternoon the PRG flag had been hoisted on city hall and the first directives of the new government were being broadcast by loudspeakers.

All ARVN soldiers were given three days to turn themselves in, at specific locations according to their rank and units. By April 1, 109,600 Saigon troops had abided by this order. They had all been registered, were given identity cards and, with the exception of about 300 officers, were released on the spot. Today they can be seen in the streets of Danang, either living with relatives or preparing themselves to return to their homes. With the ARVN out of the way, the new government turned to other tasks. Assisted by students and the local Boy Scouts, the PRG army men embarked on the task of removing the reported 240 tons of garbage that littered the city. To ensure even distribution the military committee decided that rice should be rationed, and that each adult would receive an average of allocation of 30 pounds a month at a government controlled price. To this end, the PRG convened the 25 rice wholesalers who traditionally controlled the rice market in Danang. "We gave them the chance to work with us," explained an official. "We agreed on a commission and today they distribute the rice for us. In this way we got the supply system working in no time, and everybody is happy." Schools

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have also resumed, and classes are taught by the former teachers. A majority of those I talked to admitted that they had tried to leave Danang before the Communists took over the city. "We were afraid," explained a youth in fluent English, "because the Americans had told us the Communists would kill us. As far as I can see," he added, "they have not killed anyone. They have explained their policy to us and I can't see why I should not be able to live with them." Teachers today are required to attend special courses, one hour a day, in order to get acquainted with the policy of the new government. Under the Saigon regime the teachers were paid 27,000 piasters a month, about $20. Today they receive 3000 piasters a month and 40 pounds of rice. "At last," said a teacher, "I can live on my salary."

On the outskirts of Danang, the shanty towns erected by a generation of refugees are now being dismantled as long lines of buses bring the inhabitants back to their villages. According to the authorities, 200,000 refugees, the victims of forced urbanization, have now gone back to the countryside, and they hope that within the next few months the city, which numbered more than a million people, will again be down to the peacetime figure of about 450,000.

Danang today is still living in a state of transition, with the only certainty being the end of the war. Whether the reign of the Honda will endure is still an unanswered question, but there is little doubt that the stocks of French mustard, vichy water or scotch whiskey that still abound in the local groceries will not be replenished. This uncertainty does not, however, seem to weigh on the city. The curfew is still in force from nine to five, but the peaceful citizen who is not yet home by 9:15 is unlikely to be admonished by the PRG forces who patrol the streets and is even less likely to be shot at by a nervous sentry. Mass is still said daily in the local cathedral, and the French engineers who run the local electricity plant have stayed and are still at their jobs as if nothing had happened. The red warning lights on top of the two steel towers of Radio Danang still blink all night long, and at sunset, by the riverside, PRG army men and the local townfolk crowd around the lemonade stands in the evening breeze. On the outskirts of the town, the former American airbase is now a ghost town of which the PRG has yet to make an inventory. Ultimately what America left behind in Danang is an empty shell and a good deal of hatred, which will probably endure. "We Vietnamese should never have fought each other," commented an old woman at the marketplace. "The Americans made us do it. They cheated us into fighting each other. If you were American," she added, pointing to me, "I would have to hate you for what you made the Vietnamese do to each other."

Max Austerlitz

Max Austerlitz is the pen name of a journalist who remained in Danang after it fell to the Vietcong.

Equal Opportunity Unemployment

Jobless workers recently rallied in Washington to demand that full employment be guaranteed by public policy. But instead of devising programs to eliminate joblessness, our elected representatives are debating what level of unemployment is tolerable. A New York Times *survey of professional economists reports the emergence of a consensus that recession-level unemployment is a permanent condition in the American economy. Far more alarmingly, political leaders of both parties apparently would have it that way.*

In his January report to Congress, President Ford said that administration policies will produce eight percent unemployment this year, declining to 7.8 percent next year and 7.5 percent in 1977. Meanwhile the heavily Democratic Senate Budget Committee proposes policies that it predicts will result in 7.5 percent unemployment at the end of 1976. There's a similar recommendation from the House Budget Committee. Under the Employment Act of 1946 the President is charged with the responsibility of promoting "maximum employment, production, and purchasing power." Yet the administration's "Economic Assumptions" report anticipates recession-level unemployment through the remainder of the decade—6.9 percent in 1978 and 6.8 percent in 1979. What level of joblessness will be described as "full employment" in 1984?

Bipartisan agreement to tolerate massive unemployment amounts to a new economics of exclusion. At a time when the combined wealth of the nation's 200 richest citizens is greater than the gross national product of any free African nation, the administration, Congress and the economics profession would deny American workers the right to a secure job. For President Ford to declare, as he did recently, that unemployment is of concern to only eight percent of Americans is to display a stunning insensitivity to the realities of working people's lives. Some 1.5 million Americans gave up looking for work in recent months, and thus were not included in official figures for unemployment. More than 3.5 million part-time workers want full-time jobs but cannot find them. Millions more earn too little to live in conditions of minimal decency. None of these workers is fully employed, but no official statistics record their plight.

The threat of unemployment takes its toll also on millions of Americans who, thankfully, have not lost their jobs but fear that they will be laid off. They live each day in uncertainty—and take out their tensions on family, co-workers and neighbors. It is not mere speculation to observe that the threat of joblessness—as well as the fact of unemployment—has created much of the bitterness that eats away at the fabric of life in

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Detroit, New York, Newark, Chicago, Gary and other cities hit hard by this recession. The jobless worker, the "discouraged" worker, the underemployed worker and the threatened worker are all excluded from the promise of American life. And a disproportionate number of the economy's "lost souls" are women, minorities and the young. Black adult unemployment was officially 14.2 percent in March. For black teenagers—who comprise nine percent of the black labor force—the unemployment rate was a sickening 36.7 percent. And as the congressional Black Caucus told President Ford as early as last August, real joblessness reaches astronomical levels in the inner city—up to 45 percent in some ghetto communities.

There never has been an equal opportunity recession. Indeed for minority communities, recent economic history has been an ongoing recession, punctuated by intermittent depressions such as the current one. What happens to other workers hits black workers first—and hardest. Last to be employed during booms, minority workers are first to be laid off during recessions. The bitter but entirely accurate saying, "Last hired, first fired" sums up the tragedy of black gains in employment; these advances are tenuous during the best of times, and this uncertainty has disastrous results during the worst of times.

Jittery employers trim payrolls periodically during even minor downturns, laying off the most recently hired workers. Thus the unemployment rate at any one time is only a snapshot of a continuing picture of economic insecurity for marginal workers. As Sen. Hubert Humphrey told the House subcommittee on equal opportunity, "The total number of people officially unemployed at some time during 1973 was three and a half times higher [than average unemployment]"—namely, 15.3 million people for the year as compared with 4.3 million people for the average month, and 15.4 percent of the labor force as compared with only 4.9 percent. During 1972, before the onset of the recession, black unemployment averaged less than 10 percent—but 22 percent of all black workers were laid off at some time during the year.

The interruptedness of black employment gives minority workers fewer benefits on the job than their white co-workers and less tenure when large-scale layoffs begin during full-fledged recessions. For this reason full employment must be the keystone of any public policy aimed at reducing inequality. The current economics of exclusion, with its tolerance of unemployment, is fundamentally racist.

Historically blacks have gained more than other workers during periods of relatively low unemployment—and lost much more during times of high employment. During the Kennedy-Johnson years, from 1961 to 1969, unemployment fell from 6.7 percent to 3.5 percent. The number of employed black workers jumped 16 percent during this period. But as unemployment increased from 3.5 percent to 8.7 percent during the Nixon-Ford administration, black joblessness soared from 6.9 percent to nearly 15 percent.

Already the Nixon-Ford recession has eroded the gains that blacks made during the mid-1960s. During 1969 to 1973—before the onset of the worst facets of this depression—the number of black people living beneath the official poverty line rose from 7.5 million to 8.3 million. The decline in living conditions for minority workers came during a period when the gap between rich and poor increased—and wealth was actually redistributed from the least fortunate to the most affluent. Since 1968 the share of the national income taken by the wealthiest 40 percent of the population has increased at the expense of the least affluent 40 percent, according to Census Bureau figures. An integral part of this Robin-Hood-in-reverse program has been cutbacks in the public sector. When administration spokesmen trooped before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress last year, they repeatedly called for cutbacks in "transfer payments" and "government spending" in favor of business profits. When William Simon and Alan Greenspan refer to "transfer payments" they don't mean corporate bailouts or defense contracts—which transfer money from the taxpayers to favored interests—but welfare allotments and unemployment compensation. And when they take aim at government spending, they aren't calling for trimming the Pentagon budget but for skimping on vital services such as education, environmental protection and public safety.

This assault on public services is also part of the economics of exclusion. Faced with declining tax revenues because of this recession, skyrocketing costs because of inflation, and curtailed federal aid because of the Ford administration priorities, state and local governments face a fiscal crisis that Mayor Kenneth Gibson of Newark has compared to a "three-headed dragon." They have been forced to cut back services, raise taxes, and lay off public employees.

While the recession was planned in Washington, it takes its toll where blacks live—in the inner city. Cutbacks in health and housing, safety and sanitation mean an immediate decline in the quality of urban life. Because these services are so essential to the advancement of the poor, the cutbacks create a social deficit for which the bill will come due in illiteracy, illness and slum conditions for future generations. Moreover cutbacks close off a traditional avenue of progress for black workers—jobs in the public sector. The number of blacks working for all levels of government in 1970 was 1.6 million, and two-thirds of them worked for states and cities. Only in such public-sector occupations as teaching, social work and nursing do blacks hold a share of the total jobs proportional to our percentage of the labor force. But this recession and its immediate effects have threatened gains in what was once a secure

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field of employment. As state and local governments begin to lay off workers, the National Urban League reports that the jobless rate among blacks in this sector is now 11.2 percent and climbing.

Allowed to continue unchallenged, the bipartisan economics of exclusion can create a new lost generation of jobless, underemployed or discouraged workers that will cut across barriers of race and sex but will enroll disproportionate numbers of minorities and women. We ought to make clear that the levels of unemployment our leaders plan are socially intolerable and politically suicidal.

William Lucy

Mr. Lucy is secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO. He is also president of the Coalition of Black Trade Unionists and chairman of the Democratic party in the District of Columbia.

White House Watch

Footnotes

Here are notes—really footnotes, considering the relative unimportance of the subjects—about some of the things that went on in Gerald Ford's and Henry Kissinger's foreign affairs bailiwick while Cambodia and South Vietnam were falling to the Communists and the United States position and policy in Southeast Asia were falling into ruins.

Senator Henry Jackson, a Democrat who hopes to be elected President next year and evidently figures that one way to fulfill that ambition is to keep himself identified as a knowing and courageous critic of administration foreign policy, raised an enormous and essentially pointless flap by telling the Senate on April 8 that he'd been "reliably informed that there exist between the governments of the United States and South Vietnam secret agreements which envision fateful American decisions, yet whose very existence has never been acknowledged." It soon became evident that Jackson was referring to private communications, written and oral, between President Nixon and President Thieu of South Vietnam in late 1972 and early 1973, when Nixon, Kissinger and their occasional emissary, General Alexander Haig, were telling Thieu that he would either have to accept the peace terms being negotiated with the North Vietnamese or be abandoned by the US.

The peace accord signed in January 1973 embodied these terms, with some modifications, and Thieu rightly perceived that it left him and his country in dire peril while enabling the US to remove the last of its combat forces from South Vietnam and recover its POWs from Hanoi. The fact that the January agreement would have to be enforced if it was to mean anything at all, and that only the United States would or could enforce it, was obvious then and later. President Nixon said in his (and Kissinger's) 1973 foreign policy report, issued May 3, that the North Vietnamese would "risk revived confrontation with us" if they violated the January agreement by resuming the military offensive in South Vietnam and that "we have told Hanoi, publicly and privately, that we will not tolerate violations of the agreement." It had to be and was assumed at the time that Thieu had been told the same in terms that gave him at least some assurance of renewed US protection if it became necessary. The assumption that this was so and that Richard Nixon was capable of renewing US military intervention, plus the fact that he was still bombing in Cambodia, caused Congress on August 3, 1973, to forbid any further US military activity after August 15 in, over, or off the shores of Cambodia, Laos, North and South Vietnam. On the previous June 29, at the crux of the House debate on this prohibition, Republican minority leader Gerald Ford told his colleagues that President Nixon had "assured me personally" in a telephone conversation that morning that he would accept the prohibition and would not veto it as he had vetoed a similar restriction in May. On August 17, two days after the prohibition took effect, Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger said at a press conference that "the American commitment has been to give South Vietnam the opportunity to withstand aggression. I believe that that commitment in a general way still persists and if Hanoi were to make the mistake of outright aggression against South Vietnam, I think that the President would request support from Congress and from the American public." This was cloudy. But the implied and intended meaning was support for renewed military intervention.

President Ford had these and similar statements in mind when he said on April 16, replying to Jackson and to demands that Nixon-Thieu correspondence be given to congressional committees: "I have personally reviewed the correspondence . . . and I can assure you that there was nothing in any of those communications that was different from what was stated as our public policy." A previous complaint by the President that Congress had made it impossible for the administration to fulfill "solemn commitments" led Henry Kissinger to say at a press conference on April 5 that "he was not talking of a legal commitment. He was talking of a moral commitment . . . We did not give them [the South Vietnamese] any definite promises except to indicate that, obviously, having signed the Paris agreement, we would have an interest in its enforcement . . . it was never put in the form of a legal commitment and it is not that we are violating a legal commitment." The President, Kissinger and Press Secretary Ron Nessen were still talking in this way

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when a Vietnamese assistant to Thieu, who by then was deposed and in exile on Taiwan, turned up in Washington on April 30 and distributed photocopies of letters that Richard Nixon wrote to Thieu on November 14, 1972 and January 5, 1973. Nixon to Thieu on November 14: "You have my absolute assurance that if Hanoi fails to abide by the terms of this agreement it is my intention to take swift and sure retaliatory action." And on January 5: ". . . you have my assurance of continued assistance in the post-settlement period and that we will respond with full force should the settlement be violated by North Vietnam." Although the President stretched the facts when he said that nothing in these assurances "was different from what was stated as our public policy," he was right in his insistence that the assurances were consistent with stated policy. What interests me more than the patent obfuscation practiced by the President and Kissinger is the fact that never once during the debate over the August 1973 prohibition did President Nixon have his lobbyists and congressional defenders argue that the restriction made it legally impossible for him to carry out a specific commitment. Melvin Laird, who managed the affair for Mr. Nixon and persuaded Congress to allow the President 45 more days than he would otherwise have had to bomb Cambodia, says that the then President never told him that Thieu had been given "absolute assurance."

A somewhat similar battle of semantics revived the notion in some quarters that President Ford and Henry Kissinger are playing games with each other. It's a false and foolish notion and the purpose here is not to further or preserve it. With that said, however, it must also be said that Kissinger unwittingly perpetuates it with his habit of groaning in semi-private to such journalists as Hugh Sidey of *Time* and James Reston of *The New York Times* about his growing and serious difficulties with Congress and his readiness to leave office when and if it appears to him and the President that his usefulness has ended. He is extremely sensitive to any suggestion that he wants office for its own sake and that he somehow invites presidential invitations of the sort that he has received from both Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford to remain in the government. A report in this space that the President had not actually and specifically asked Kissinger to remain for the whole of the present term preceded Mr. Ford's statement in a CBS television interview that "I have asked him to stay and he is committed to stay through the end of this administration, January 20, 1977." It turned out that I'd been deliberately misinformed, in the belief that Kissinger ought not to commit the President to keeping him around through the entire remainder of the term. In this administration, no less than in the Nixon administration, a reporter has got to restrain any tendency that he may suffer from to put unqualified confidence in unquotable sources.

Now back to the aforementioned semantical hubbub. It began with a single sentence in a speech, mainly aimed at persuading the nation to focus on future goals rather than past agonies, that Mr. Ford delivered on April 23 to an impressively friendly and receptive student audience at Tulane University in New Orleans. The sentence was: "Today, America can regain the sense of pride that existed before Vietnam, but it cannot be achieved by refighting a war that is finished as far as America is concerned." Reporters instantly asked, had Kissinger been consulted about and did he approve this flat statement, first of its kind, that this country's part in the Vietnam war "is finished"? During the return flight to Washington the President answered with an abrupt "no" when he was asked whether Kissinger had played a part in preparing the speech. This seemed to encourage the effort of certain Ford assistants, notably Press Secretary Nessen and Robert Hartmann, the chief speech writer and staff politician, to get across the message that Gerald Ford is able to formulate and express his foreign policy without always relying upon Henry Kissinger.

The questioned sentence and the entire speech were in fact pure Kissinger, in spirit though not in direct composition. Thus Kissinger at a press conference on April 5 and with identical language in a speech on April 17: "The Vietnam debate has now run its course. The time has come for restraint and compassion." That's what the President intended to say and didn't say so well at Tulane. The "war is finished" line was cooked up during final drafting on the President's plane, enroute to New Orleans, and was not cleared with Kissinger or his assistants on the National Security Council staff. Kissinger's attitude afterward was, so what? On the afternoon of the speech he kept getting rumors from New Orleans that the President was going to say something in the speech that hadn't been cleared with Kissinger and his people. Kissinger had Lieut. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, his staff deputy at the White House, check out the rumors with Ford assistants in New Orleans. They assured Scowcroft, and Scowcroft assured Kissinger, that there would be nothing in the speech that would surprise or disturb Kissinger. That proved to be true.

John Osborne

Bikini and Eniwetok

Repaying Old Debts

How good is the word of a US administration in fulfilling *nonmilitary* commitments? And what is the responsibility of a new, questioning Congress to meet old obligations? Do commitments and obligations to the weak weigh equally with those to the powerful? I

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ask these questions because last month I was in the Marshall Islands while the collapse of Cambodia and Vietnam was taking place. In this lightly populated, poor part of the Micronesian Trust Territories, the primary US commitment being discussed was not the halting of communism in Southeast Asia but rather the often reiterated pledge to return the Bikini and Eniwetok people to the atolls they left 29 years ago—atolls deserted so the US could use them as sites for testing thermonuclear weapons.

Bikini Atoll, before the US conducted 23 nuclear tests there, consisted of 27 small islands on a reef that surrounded a 230 square mile lagoon. Today there are only 26 islands—the 1954 Bravo shot, second of the hydrogen bomb tests, demolished one island and left a circular blue hole almost a mile wide in the reef. One portion of the Bikini lagoon is marked on navigation charts as containing "numerous obstructions." That is the point where, some 120 feet in the water, lies the battleship *Saratoga* and other naval vessels sunk after a nuclear shot.

Forty-three nuclear tests were conducted at Eniwetok from 1948 to 1958. On October 31, 1952 the world's first hydrogen bomb was exploded there, wiping out one island. Six years later, during the final test series, another nearby island evaporated. The two craters that are left, side by side, are almost three miles across and some 180 feet deep.

One of Eniwetok's main residential islands, Enjebi, which was engulfed by a 100-foot wave during the hyrdrogen bomb test, has lost all its trees and is not expected to be habitable for 30 more years. A second island, Runit, where plutonium was widely dispersed, is now off limits and expected to stay that way. In fact the entire northern part of the Eniwetok atoll has high radioactivity levels.

It was in January 1946 that the Joint Chiefs of Staff selected Bikini as the atom bomb testing site. Located more than 500 miles from then existing Pacific air and sea routes and with a steady trade wind, Bikini was thought by the military planners to be the best place for control of an atomic cloud.

On February 10, 1946 a US navy commodore, acting under orders from the Joint Chiefs, flew by seaplane to Bikini to convince 167 Bikinians that they had to leave their home island so that nuclear weapons could be tested there. According to official navy records, Commodore Ben Wyatt spoke after a Sunday church service and "compared the Bikinians to the children of Israel whom the Lord saved from their enemy and led into the Promised Land." Wyatt told them of the power of the atomic bomb and said American scientists "are trying to learn how to use it for the good of mankind and to end all world wars." He said the entire world had been searched for the best place to test such powerful weapons and Bikini was it. Would the Bikinians "be willing to sacrifice their island for the welfare of all men?"

Of course they agreed and, within a month, the Bikinians were relocated on Rongerik, an atoll 150 miles from their own. A new village was erected with the help of seabees from Kwajalein, and by March 1946 the Bikinians were settled in a new tent village. The navy ship that brought them unloaded a few weeks' supply of food and 23,000 gallons of water, then left.

At the time of the first Bikini tests, in June 1946, Marshallese on atolls within 300 miles of the shot were moved temporarily to more distant islands. Among those who had to leave their homes for one month were the 128 people on Eniwetok, which was 189 miles west of Bikini.

In June 1947 President Harry Truman authorized planning for Operation Sandstone, a series of nuclear tests designed to develop a new generation of weapons. Bikini was considered too small for this second effort. On December 1, 1947 Eniwetok was chosen. Two days later a US official flew to the atoll to propose to the 136 people then living there that they move to Ujelang, another isolated atoll some 120 miles to the southwest. The choice was ironic because the Bikini people, in the preceding months, had grown unhappy on Rongerik and had, themselves, hoped to move to Ujelang. In fact seabees had already begun putting up another tent village on Ujelang for the Bikinians.

On December 20, 1947 an LST landing craft arrived at Eniwetok and bulldozers and land-moving equipment disembarked. In turn, according to Marshallese who were there, the entire population was urged to board the LST for the trip to new homes on Ujelang. As the LST pulled away the Marshallese watched as the bulldozers now on the island knocked over what had been their homes. At Ujelang the former Eniwetok people were temporarily lodged in tents, which were replaced by permanent homes four months later.

Meanwhile the Bikini people, devastated by a severe food shortage, moved again, this time to Kili Island in the southern Marshall Islands, 475 miles from their original atoll. A people who had excelled at fishing their reef, the Bikinians now found themselves on an island that had no reef or lagoon and that because of wind and waves was closed to outside ships four months of the year. Where Bikini's coral islands had been limited in vegetation, Kili, though only .4 square mile in size, was densely covered with coconut and other Marshallese food plants. But without the fishing the Bikinians again were plagued by food shortages and fell back to taking food subsidies that came in when Trust Territory ships made their infrequent stops.

In 1952 an LST arrived at Ujelang and took the Eniwetok people aboard. According to one of their spokesmen, they were told "some dangerous activity was being carried on at our home atoll . . ." 130 miles away. It was the time of the first hydrogen bomb test. The LST traveled more than 100 miles further away from Eniwetok. There, from a safe distance, they

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witnessed the explosion. "First," according to one Marshallese observer, there was "a bright flash rising up from the water; then it appeared as though the sea had caught fire. A great, huge fire rose up into the sky and a noise was heard that was louder by far than any thunder . . . We were told that all of this was caused by a bomb at Eniwetok. What we saw caused us to worry about what was happening at our atoll, but we were told that we could not go there to see. Instead, we were taken back to Ujelang and we continued to wait."

For close to nine years after the US began using both Bikini and Eniwetok, no monetary compensation was paid to Marshallese landowners from either atoll. In 1956, however, the US made what was termed a cash settlement in return for indefinite use of both atolls. The Bikinians received $25,000 in cash and a $300,000 trust account from which interest payments were to be received each year.

The Eniwetokese, who were fewer in number, were given less: $25,000 in cash and $150,000 in trust. At a 1956 town meeting in Ujelang, a group of Eniwetok students told their elders that the cash was not enough to pay for what they had left on their home islands. According to one Marshallese who was present that day, an American representative from the Trust Territories government grew angry, turned over the bag in which he had the $25,000 and dumped it on the meeting house floor. The island elders had never seen that much money before so they accepted it, and divided it into 136 equal shares for each of the people who made the original trip. Then the Trust Territories representative had them sign a document that said that if they were not satisfied with the payment, they would have to bring suit against their own leaders—not the US government.

Two years later, in 1958, the US agreed to halt all atmospheric testing but nine years passed before any move was made toward resettlement. In 1967 a group of Bikinians returned to look at their atoll in the company of AEC personnel. A radiological survey was instituted and plans were begun to rebuild the village that once existed. In 1968 President Johnson announced the US would return the atoll to the Bikini people once clean-up and rehabilitation had been completed. One year later the AEC declared Bikini was radiologically safe for resettlement. As part of the physical clean-up that followed, the entire island of Bikini and a nearby island, Eniu, were both bulldozed; almost every coconut tree was uprooted and the thin cover of soil that remained was turned over to reduce the radiation that remained from the tests completed 11 years earlier. By the end of 1969 some 87,000 new trees and seedlings, most of them coconut, had been planted on Eniu and Bikini. Though some of the atoll's reef structure had been destroyed by the nuclear blasts, the AEC said the fish and shellfish were suitable for eating. One unexpected result of the tests was that sharks in great numbers had moved from the ocean into the Bikini lagoon. Though catching them could be a new source of income (shark fins are an oriental delicacy) their presence was an inhibition to traditional spear-fishing in the lagoon.

While the Bikinians prepared to return home, the Eniwetok people were having even harder times on Ujelang and receiving no encouragement in their own effort to get back to their atoll. By 1967 the original 136 persons had grown to near 400 and life had become extremely difficult. Food was so short for a time that there was but one meal a day. At the same time rats were proliferating—so much so that people had to sleep in wooden boxes. In 1968 the islanders decided they had had enough. When a Trust Territory ship arrived, the island leaders diverted the field trip officer and the entire population boarded the ship. Only after seeing that they might sink the boat once it got out of the Ujelang lagoon and into the ocean swells, did the village elders agree to disembark. But even that step required a deal whereby the ship was to go back to the district capital and return in 14 days loaded with food. To make certain that that was done, the Trust Territory field trip officer remained on the atoll as hostage.

The food ship did arrive on time and was just the first of a series of payments that flowed to the people of Eniwetok while on Ujelang. First they were given an ex gratia payment of $1.2 million in trust. Another $125,000 was obtained to fix up the Ujelang village. Though the funds were appreciated, the people still wanted to go back to their home atoll, particularly after learning the Bikini people had begun planning their own return.

By 1971 construction had begun on 40 Bikini homes and the next year, three Bikini families moved into the first three. Full return was planned for 1974 when nearly 80 homes, a school, dispensary and municipal center were to be completed. Complications quickly arose. In 1972, with 40 homes built, funds for the project, which were being taken from the Trust Territories capital budget, ran out. In addition the Bikinians heard of the $1.2 million payment to the Eniwetok people and wanted one of their own. Finally, questions were raised about the Bikini radiation levels, though these came in good part from Bikinians who wanted some payment for returning home.

Today things remain much as they were three years ago. Bikini families still occupy only three homes in the row of 40 built facing the lagoon side of the island. Coconut trees planted in rows are growing but agronomists say it will be 1979 before a cash crop of copra can be harvested. A group of some 50 Marshallese workers occupy jerry-built homes on Bikini and Enui, trying to keep the roads and 37 unoccupied homes from falling into disrepair. Part of their job is to patch faulty cement cisterns that are built near each house, and already are leaking.

The Bikinians for the most part remain on Kili,

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waiting for Congress to approve a three million dollar ex gratia payment after which their leaders say they will return home. On May 5 the US House of Representatives passed the Bikini ex gratia payment authorization and sent it to the Senate. If the money is appropriated, the way may be paved for a return by next year. But that would create additional problems for there are 750 Bikinians and not enough homes for all of them. Furthermore, since the new coconut and other trees are still not bearing enough fruit for subsistence, food subsidies will be needed at least for the next four years.

Eniwetok poses the same sorts of problems. Clean-up there will be more difficult since the nuclear test program used two main residential islands for barracks and support work for almost 10,000 people. Some 75 buildings will have to be torn down, swimming pools dismantled and heavy clearing undertaken. The Defense Nuclear Agency, which has responsibility for the clean-up, estimated the job would cost $40 million. In 1972 President Nixon's Micronesian representative, in response to a letter from the Eniwetok leaders, announced permission would be granted for their return after clean-up and rehabilitation. A master plan for reconstruction of the atoll has been devised and approved by the Eniwetok people. However a Defense request for four million dollars to begin the clean-up was turned down last year by the House Armed Services Committee. In a sarcastic exchange Rep. Otis Pike suggested "We could give them a lot better monetary settlement if we didn't spend this $37 million cleaning it up couldn't we? I would think $37 million spread over 450 natives would sound rather appetizing." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "I would like to be their lawyer," a statement that drew a laugh from the audience.

This year two Eniwetok chiefs and the magistrate of Ujelang came to Washington to lobby for their clean-up bill. Working out of a downtown hotel room, using a Trust Territories lobbyist and a Micronesian legal services lawyer, they have sought to make their own case.

It seems certain the Marshallese will be back in their home atolls. Whether their dependency on or demands from the US will end remains to be seen. There is a good argument that it never should. Some scientists believe and have told the Bikinians that their atoll is not safe for habitation. AEC, now ERDA, is still sampling both the vegetation and wildlife. In last month's trip urine samples were taken from some 25 people living on Bikini just to test the radioactivity levels developing in the bodies of island dwellers. The same process will be followed on Eniwetok. Medically monitoring life on those atolls, whether by US, Marshallese or even Japanese doctors, is a responsibility both Congress and the administration should readily bear.

Walter Pincus

Dreaming of the Presidency

Elliot Richardson

A year or so ago, when Elliot Richardson was delivering expensive lectures around the country in the wake of his dramatic resignation as former President Nixon's Attorney General, the audiences he addressed often behaved peculiarly. They would give him a standing ovation as he appeared on the platform but applaud only politely at the end of his speech, and that sort of reaction, which was fairly widespread, seemed to suggest two attitudes. It indicated, first, that people regarded Richardson as a symbol of rectitude for having quit the government rather than betray his own ethics by obeying Richard Nixon's order to fire Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor. Second, it may have meant that, after an hour of listening to Richardson, even his most ardent sympathizers were simply bored into silence by his tedious oratorical style. In either case the general response was hardly one that should have inspired him to reach for the White House, and his image has further faded from public view since December, when he went to England as US ambassador. But even though he admits to his limited appeal, Richardson still has hopes of becoming President some day, and, from the distance of London, he is attempting to shape a long-range strategy that will lead him in that direction.

Several sources who track Richardson's activities say that the decision to send him abroad, and his decision to go, both stemmed largely from domestic political considerations. As they relate it, former Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania and ex-Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, both of whom had been asked by President Ford last fall to propose administration appointments, recommended that Richardson be hired either as chief of the Office of Management and Budget or director of the Domestic Council. Their objective, I gather, was to bring Richardson back into the Republican fold after his bust-up with Mr. Nixon in order to show party liberals and independent voters that the Ford administration was different, and also because they respected his abilities as a skilled bureaucrat. Others among the President's aides advanced the idea that Secretary of State Kissinger be divested of his post as head of the National Security Council and that Richardson replace him. But, according to a couple of accounts, Kissinger and Donald Rumsfeld, who mainly counsels the President on foreign affairs, urged Mr. Ford to offer Richardson the London embassy in order to keep him in the administration but place him far enough away from Washington to make his possible political maneuvering difficult. The President, who is not known to be an enthusiastic Richardson fan, took that advice.

Richardson did not grab the offer immediately but

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consulted associates, and they were divided. Some told him to stay in the US, outside the administration if necessary, and to begin working to win the presidential or vice presidential nomination in 1976. Others, including the more politically experienced among his cohorts, calculated that Richardson's best move at this stage would be to go overseas in a prestigious capacity, demonstrate by his willingness to serve Gerald Ford that he is loyal to the Republican party, and at the same time be far enough away from Washington to avoid responsibility should the administration get into trouble. Richardson weighed the options and chose London, reminding himself that five Presidents were once envoys there, and he is now trying to forecast what the future may hold. If he thought that Mr. Ford intended to step down after completing his present term, he would return home in the expectation that both liberal and conservative Republicans might view him as a plausible successor, since Vice President Rockefeller is old and has made many enemies during his career. If Mr. Ford runs again, as he asserts he will, Richardson would seek to come back to a cabinet post closer to the action. He longs to be Secretary of State, but he knows that Kissinger would have to be blasted out of that job, and besides, others in line for it include men nearer the President, like Laird and Rumsfeld. As alternatives he would like to command the Office of Management and Budget, direct the Domestic Council or take up where he left off at the Justice Department. For the moment, though, he consoles himself with the delights of London, where his tasks as a diplomat are so undemanding that he has been finishing a book that he started soon after leaving the Nixon administration.

The book deals with the issue of the individual in an increasingly complicated and homogenized society, and his relationship to a government that has become both pervasive and remote. Richardson can discourse for hours on the subject, as he has with me, speaking almost Jamesian prose as he doodles intricate patterns with brush pens of various colors, and although his formal lectures may put audiences to sleep, his private monologues can be brilliant. For there are few politicians with such intellectual capabilities, and even fewer who are willing to exercise their brains in an effort to grapple with the crises that lie ahead. Richardson's observation, based in part on his three years as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, is that the accumulation of problems like population growth, urbanization, transportation and pollution have contributed to the need for big government, and this has led to several unhealthy developments. It has facilitated the abuse of government power, as the Watergate scandals illustrated, and thereby eroded the confidence of the public in its leadership. It has submerged the individual to the degree that he has lost his identity, leaving him disillusioned, alienated and helpless. And, among other things, it has caused growing disenchantment among citizens who had come to believe that the government had the solution but found, in reality, that the federal mechanism has been pretty much of a sham. As evidence of this Richardson refers to what he calls the "legislative shell game," under which Congress persists in authorizing the same funds for fresh schemes in order to create the impression that it is striving to meet the social challenges of the day. Richardson also points out that the gap between resources and promises is such that it would cost $250 billion to provide services for people already covered by programs, and that would entail doubling the federal budget.

Richardson's answer to this dilemma is twofold. He has been an advocate of administrative reorganization, and he initiated a project to revamp HEW, one of the most unwieldy agencies in Washington, so that it could function more efficiently. Not much progress has been made in streamlining the department since his departure, however, and it is questionable whether his plan would have succeeded, since welfare is a field in which rival vested interests fight fiercely to protect their prerogatives. In a broader vein Richardson has been pushing for a radical decentralization of the government apparatus that would strengthen the authority of local administrations, partly to cut down Washington's interference and partly to give citizens the chance to identify with their communities. One of the arguments that used to be deployed against this concept is that it would widen the opportunities for corruption by small town bosses. But the Watergate affair proved, Richardson says, that dishonesty in high places is even worse, and, he adds, Tammany Hall for all its faults at least did something for the average person. This rather benign view of minor cupidity, incidentally, represents a change from the Richardson who in 1966 leveled unsubstantiated corruption charges against Francis X. Bellotti, his opponent in the race for attorney general of Massachusetts. Richardson won, but the shabbiness of his smear tactic tarnished the reputation he likes to nurture as a Boston brahmin of sterling integrity.

But then Richardson seems in many respects to be two different people. On the one hand he is urbane, witty, intelligent and decent, in every sense the Rooseveltian patrician with a conscience. Indeed, his aides sometimes complain, he is so courteously inquisitive that he will squander hours with visitors, who, he thinks, may teach him something new. On the other hand, however, his ambition is overweening, and, as he demonstrated in his campaign against Bellotti, he is determined to achieve his goals through any means—even comparing his drive for fulfillment to his exhilaration during World War II, when he earned decorations for heroism as a medical corpsman. Oddly enough, though, his propulsion toward public power has not been characterized by great bravery. On the contrary Richardson has shown time and again, in the face of critical choices, that he is scarcely a profile in

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courage.

In 1971, for example, he went to great pains to elaborate a busing plan for Austin, Texas, as part of a larger school desegregation approach. But Mr. Nixon instructed the Justice Department to repudiate the entire civil rights package in court, leaving an embarrassed and rather humiliated Richardson to explain to reporters in San Clemente that he had always underwritten the President's objections to busing. The next year Richardson similarly exerted himself with Democratic Sens. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut and Russell Long of Louisiana to negotiate a welfare compromise bill. But Mr. Nixon, calculating that it was politically expedient during the election campaign to keep the welfare issue alive as a way of countering George McGovern's silly proposal to give $1000 a year to every American, pulled the rug out from under Richardson, who acquiesced with the rationalization that, after all, the President's bid for another four years in the White House deserved priority. Richardson suffered the same treatment when the Nixon administration, buckling under pressure from the American Medical Association, aborted a comprehensive medical care program that he had earlier termed "perhaps our most important emphasis in the delivery of health services." In none of these instances, his friends say, did Richardson feel that he had been placed in a "morally untenable" position. Instead he took the view that "you win some and lose some"—although, judging from his performance, Richardson's main victory was his ability to hang on in the Nixon administration despite these consistent defeats. He was undoubtedly appreciated as well because, as Charles Colson, the White House expert on dirty tricks, told Christopher Lydon of *The New York Times*, Richardson was "a team player."

Richardson's own explanation for his conduct, especially during some of the shoddy episodes of the Nixon tenure, is that only procedure is important, as it was at the time of the "Saturday night massacre," and that a faithful civil servant does not resign over matters of substance. His critics contend, in reply, that Richardson clung to office, repeatedly compromising his ideals, merely because he feared obscurity. Both these interpretations are probably correct, and another point merits attention. It is that Richardson, despite his charm, rationality and glorious role in Watergate, is basically a conservative who had genuine admiration for Mr. Nixon, and who, even in his letter of regisnation following Cox's dismissal, asserted that "it has been a privilege to share in your efforts to make the structure of world peace more stable and the structure of our own government more responsive."

The record is clear, moreover, that Richardson's fundamental faith in President Nixon prompted him to lend his wholehearted support to US strategy in Indochina. He still defends Mr. Nixon's invasion of Cambodia in the spring of 1972 as having been constitutional, since, he explains, it was an "incidental corollary" to the US involvement in Vietnam, which he considers to have been legal. Although he recently said in a lecture at Harvard that "lies, evasions and half-truths are the poison of democratic institutions," he did not, as far as I can recall, speak out against the secret bombings of Cambodia that began in 1969. Nor did he, despite the entreaties of close associates, criticize the Nixon administration's bombing of North Vietnam in December 1972. I detect from talking to Richardson, in fact, that he is somewhat impatient with attempts by Congress to play a more significant role in foreign polity, and here his friends single out another complex distinction in his thinking. As they put it, Richardson believes that different rules apply to domestic and foreign affairs, since governments exercise more control at home but, in international relations, tend to be more "primitive" and less humane. Or, as one of his aides explains it, Richardson regards foreign affairs as an arena of "conflicting moralities," and, as I understand it, he might be willing to stretch the "due process" principles to which he claims to be attached in the realm of domestic behavior. This suggests that he might not differ drastically from Kissinger in his world outlook—if he ever replaces him.

Richardson's finest hours were certainly spent in charge of the Justice Department, where, in seven months in 1973, he made extraordinary headway in rooting out all kinds of shady practices. But his most publicized moments as Attorney General are still controversial. His bargain to allow former Vice President Agnew to escape a jail sentence was undertaken with the honorable and realistic apprehension that, had Richard Nixon been ousted, a felon might have entered the White House. Yet the Agnew deal raised the question, which continues to be asked, of whether prominence is a passport to exoneration. Richardson acted more forthrightly in the Cox case, since he had named the Watergate special prosecutor independently of the White House, and, consonant with his adherence to "due process" he was bound to protect him. Here again, however, Richardson was aware that Mr. Nixon planned to purge Cox two weeks before he actually did so. And that suggests that Richardson may have been hesitant to make a fuss until he had no other choice.

There are too many variables in presidential races to rule out any possibility, and, at the age of 54, Richardson has time on his side. Thus he can afford to linger for awhile in London, scanning his prospects from afar and dreaming. Life is less tumultuous than it would be in Washington, but Richardson has not abandoned hope. "I've always wanted to live abroad," he says with an ironic chuckle that, I suspect, signifies that he is ready to fly home tomorrow.

Stanley Karnow

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A Declaration of Independence

Israel's Rabin

by Terence Smith

Jerusalem

It is not often that a diplomatic debacle as spectacular and public as the breakdown of Henry Kissinger's latest Middle East shuttle pays political dividends, but it has done precisely that for Yitzhak Rabin. When the Israeli premier said no to Henry's best and final offer, his domestic political stock soared. No single act he has taken since assuming office 11 months ago has sat so well with the Israeli public. An overwhelming 91 percent of Israelis interviewed in the first public opinion polls endorsed the government's decision, and Rabin's personal approval rating jumped commensurately. At the same time, the breakdown of talks obviously complicated the already dangerous Middle East situation and may well have increased the chances of another round of fighting.

By saying no to Kissinger, despite a bluntly worded, 11th hour warning from President Ford, Rabin avoided a major political crisis within his own government. Had he accepted what he was being offered at the end—in essence, a limited stabilization by Egypt of the existing cease-fire in exchange for strategically significant Israeli withdrawals—his coalition would have split apart. In all probability, Defense Minister Shimon Peres, a relative hardliner who is his chief rival for the premiership, would have bolted the government and perhaps the Labor party. The ensuing political chaos probably would have forced new elections, which are the last thing Rabin needs at this point.

More significantly, Rabin's decision appealed to a basic Israeli instinct that is very strong at the moment—the desire to prove that they are more than mere puppets on the American string. Israelis have grown increasingly self-conscious and defensive of late about their near-total dependence on the United States. With the Communist and third worlds hostile to their interests and Europe indifferent at best, they are keenly aware that only Washington can provide the aid, arms and political support they need. Because of this dependence, there was a fatalistic assumption here at the outset of the negotiations that Israel would have no choice but to accept whatever deal Kissinger finally hammered out, regardless of its merits. Most Israelis expected an interim agreement to be reached with Egypt not for the improvement in Israeli-Arab relations it would bring, but for the breakdown in Israeli-American relations it would avoid. The prospect didn't please them—since they assumed it would be a lopsided package—but they expected it nonetheless.

It was both a surprise and a source of private gratification then, when the Rabin government concluded that it was being offered a bum deal and balked. The decision was viewed by many here as a kind of redeclaration of Israeli independence. They knew there would be a price tag attached to it, but they couldn't help relishing the moment anyway.

With hindsight, the price has probably proved more expensive than most Israelis expected. It has included Kissinger's publicly displayed personal pique with Israel, the Ford administration's much advertised "reassessment" of its Middle East policy and, as part of that "reassessment," the predictable shutting off of the arms spigot. The "reassessment" is not expected to be completed until mid-May but it is already being accompanied by dark hints from unnamed Pentagon sources of a reduction in both economic and military aid to Israel of up to 50 percent.

Taken together, all of this represents the severest strain in American-Israeli relations since the fall of 1971, when former Secretary of State Rogers held up aircraft deliveries to Israel in an effort to persuade the Meir government of the virtues of the so-called "Rogers plan." Worse yet, it comes at a time when Israel is seeking a record $2.5 billion in economic and military assistance from the United States, including new contracts for the supply of F-15 jet fighters and Lance ground-to-ground missiles.

Rabin's reaction to the veiled threat of the "reassessment" has been interesting and, like his decision to reject the Kissinger compromise with Egypt, reflective of his personality. Although he is more aware than most Israelis of the serious implications of the difficulties with Washington, he has decided in effect to ride out the storm. He has let it be known, quietly but firmly, that Israel will not soften its negotiating position under such obvious and public American pressure. No new Israeli ideas can be expected, he has said privately, until the United States agrees to resume discussions of Israel's pending arms requests.

In the meantime, Rabin has been conducting a quiet little reassessment of his own. Employing a small army of special emissaries, the Israeli embassy in Washington and key figures in the American Jewish community, he

(continued on page 20)

Terence Smith is a foreign correspondent for *The New York Times* in Israel.

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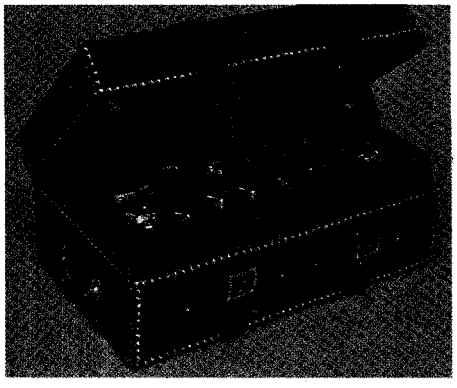

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has been carefully testing the sentiment in Congress and among the American public toward Israel. The responses during the last few weeks have led him to conclude that while Americans are more critical of Israel today and less automatic in their support, the basic backing is still there. Israel's problem, he has concluded, is with President Ford and Kissinger, not Congress. Rabin's strategy, therefore, is to stand firm and wait out the administration's "reassessment" on the assumption that neither Ford nor Kissinger will push Israel to the wall unless Congress is prepared to back them up.

This is high-stakes poker for an Israeli premier, particularly when dealing with the United States, but it is typical of Rabin's style. He is a curiously unruffled sort of person who approaches even the most sensitive situations with a detached pragmatism. In this case, he has calculated that the odds are in his favor and he has decided to take the risk, even at the possible price of alienating Ford and Kissinger.

If it is an unusual move for a politician, Rabin is an unusual politician. In a sense he is no politician at all. He has catapulted into his present job after 25 years in the army, five years as ambassador to the United States and only three months of practical political experience as labor minister under Golda Meir. He became premier almost by default, as a direct result of the October 1973 war. The surprise Arab attack that launched that war simultaneously discredited the old Israeli leadership. When the fighting was over, the Israeli public wanted a new generation of leaders unassociated with the mistakes of the past. Yitzhak Rabin, a political neophyte, fit the bill. His most important credential was that he had not been a habitue of Golda's kitchen cabinet and had had nothing to do with the policy that led to Israel's unpreparedness on the eve of the war.

Despite his unprecedented leap from freshman minister to premier, Rabin has few of the instincts of a natural politician. He is an intensely private man, introverted and shy, who has few close friends and tends to make most of his decisions by himself. Once his mind is made up, he clings to his conclusions stubbornly, and shows little inclination to check their validity with anyone else. After less than a year in office, it is too early to say whether Rabin will prove to be a major figure in Israeli politics, or a transitional one. Partly as a result of his standing up to Kissinger, his grip on the premiership now seems more secure than it was at the outset of his term. But he could still be unseated by a sharp reversal in Israel's fortunes.

Regardless of how long he lasts, however, Rabin already represents a radical departure from the premiers who led Israel before him. He is a Sabra, born and raised in Israel, while Moshe Sharett, David Ben Gurion, Levi Eshkol and Golda Meir were all Galutniks, products of the Jewish communities of eastern Europe. Their instincts and attitudes were formed elsewhere, while those of Rabin were forged here. He and his generation grew up among Arabs, living side by side with them. He understands them in a way his foreign-born predecessors could not. It makes for a difference in perspective that could prove crucial in negotiating a breakthrough with the Arab states. If Rabin is to do it, however, he has several obstacles to overcome. The first and most urgent is to mend relations with the United States. If Rabin is correct in his estimate of congressional and public sentiment toward Israel, then the current difficulties with the administration should blow over. But regardless of how it is achieved, the restoration of a smooth working relationship with Washington has got to be Israel's first priority. After that the government must map a strategy for the Middle East peace conference in Geneva which, at this writing, seems likely to be the next negotiating forum. There are basically two possible strategies Israel can adopt at Geneva: the first to try to use the conference as a framework in which to negotiate separate, bilateral understandings with each of the Arab countries, beginning with Egypt—in effect continuing the search for an interim agreement under the Geneva umbrella; the second to try for an overall peace agreement with all parties simultaneously.

Rabin is disposed to try for the first option, if for no other reason than he believes the second is unattainable in the foreseeable future. But beyond Rabin, there is a growing sentiment here among Israelis of different political views to reach for the diplomatic brass ring at Geneva. An ad hoc coalition of hardliners such as Peres and doves such as former Foreign Minister Abba Eban believes that Israel should attempt to negotiate a sweeping agreement involving the maximum possible Israeli withdrawals in exchange for the maximum possible political concessions from the Arabs. Neither Peres nor Eban nor anyone else here underestimates the problems involved in this approach. They are aware that an acceptable overall compromise would be difficult to reach and even more difficult to guarantee. They argue that it makes more sense for Israel to try to achieve something meaningful in the negotiations than to toss its territorial bargaining cards away one by one in exchange for interim agreements of dubious value.

There is another sentiment here that has grown noticeably in recent months. It is the desire on the part of many Israelis to see their government seize the diplomatic initiative. They are fed up with continually being in the position of responding, usually defensively, to initiatives emanating from Washington or, worse yet, Moscow or the Arab capitals. They are hungering for a leader who will have the courage to come up with an innovative, far-reaching approach that at least holds out the promise of a genuine change in their 27-year-old stalemate with the Arabs but still assures their security. For Yitzhak Rabin, this will be the crucial test of his leadership, and Geneva will provide the first opportunity to display it.

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Bribery and Other Costs of Doing Business Abroad

SLUSH

by James R. Polk

Bald, cigar-smoking Claude C. Wild, Jr., who was the top lobbyist for Gulf Oil Corporation before his fall, may have been the chummy prototype of a Washington operator. Even on the carpet before the Senate Watergate hearings, when the chairman announced a brief recess for a floor vote on an emergency oil allocation bill, Wild found an opportunity to smile and say, "By all means, go vote for it." Wild had pleaded guilty only a day earlier to making $125,000 in illegal corporate contributions with Gulf Oil cash brought in from the Bahamas—$100,000 for the Nixon campaign, lesser amounts for Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D, Wash.) and Rep. Wilbur D. Mills (D, Ark.). In his brief walk-on role at the Watergate hearings in the fall of 1973, Wild offered a simple explanation for his use of offshore cash: "I guess I didn't want to stir the waters, so to speak. I thought the Bahamas was discreet and, well, it was close."

But it was more than that. For more than a decade Gulf Oil had used the Bahamas for a gusher of political cash. The Securities and Exchange Commission has uncovered what a skittish Senate Watergate committee missed. Within recent weeks the SEC charged Gulf with funneling more than $10 million through a dry-hole subsidiary set up in a law office on Bay Street in Nassau. According to the SEC, at least five million dollars in cash was brought back into the United States for unlawful political donations—50 times what went to the last Nixon campaign. And that is still only half of the problem. In the words of the SEC, "The balance of the funds . . . was distributed overseas in cash by Gulf and others." Where, and to whom, and for what purpose—all are questions that Gulf Oil is refusing at this moment to answer. But it appears quite possible that the secret five million dollars in cash that Gulf passed out in other countries could fit into what seems to be a spreading new pattern of corporate scandal—a custom of hidden payments by American business firms for foreign officials to get favorable treatment abroad.

In still-sealed testimony before the SEC, as quoted by investigative reporter Jerry Landauer in *The Wall Street Journal*, Gulf Oil's Chairman Bob R. Dorsey indicated his company paid $4.2 million in political contributions to stay in business in one foreign country. Landauer reported Dorsey said Gulf Oil put one million dollars into that unnamed country in 1966 while he was "under a great deal of pressure." In the next election in 1970, the stakes were hiked even more and Dorsey testified, "The demands were rather greater, . . . and I think the contribution then was $3 million."

In describing these payments, plus another smaller one, Dorsey was quoted as testifying, "On these three occasions I know there were specific and absolute demands made for contributions to a political party. Now that political party still exists, and the leader of that political party is still in office."

Another Gulf Oil official indicated one money transfer had been arranged by the head of its Latin American subsidiary. Gulf's largest holdings appear to be in Venezuela. As for now Gulf has no comment. A spokesman said, "We'll have to take our lumps." Under an SEC compromise settlement Gulf must meet a July deadline to explain where the money went. Although the Gulf case is one of the first filed by the SEC, it is likely to be far from the last in what has become a ballooning inquiry.

Even at the SEC, which should have grown hardened now to the deeds done in the name of corporate good, eyebrows have been raised over the investigators' findings. One longtime SEC watchdog is openly angry about the apparent absence of ethics in the penthouse ranks of corporate power. The SEC so far has filed four cases involving foreign payments by American firms, and three of them zeroed in on the heads of companies. More cases will be coming.

After Eli Black stepped out a window and plunged 44 floors to his death from his Manhattan office as board chairman of United Brands Co., the SEC began a routine audit of the banana firm. It found United Brands put $1.25 million last September into the Swiss bank accounts of government officials in Honduras. The beneficiary is thought to be Gen. Oswaldo Lopez, then president of Honduras. United Brands has 28,000 acres of bananas in Honduras, and that country was threatening to double the banana tax. The tax was rolled back last year. Shortly after the SEC charges were filed Lopez was ousted as president in Honduras.

This was not a one-time deal for United Brands. For the last five years, the SEC said, the banana company "has made cash payments approximating $750,000 to officials of a foreign government in Europe in

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James Polk, an investigative reporter for NBC, last year won the Pulitzer prize for investigative journalism.

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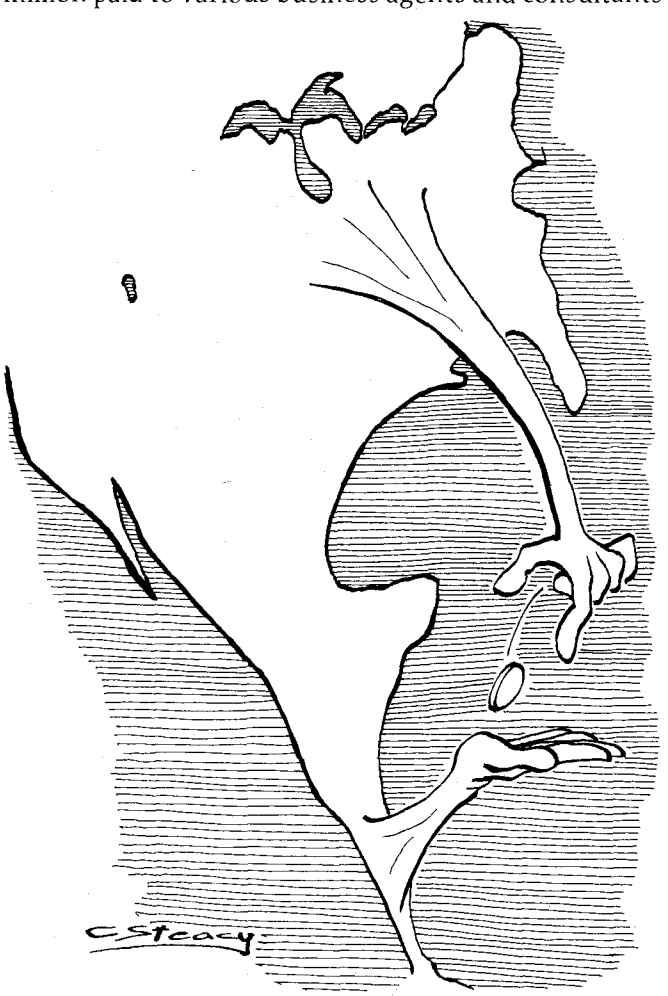
connection with the securing of favorable business opportunities."

The pattern of payoffs may well be worldwide. At one point the Watergate special prosecutor's office was looking through the books of one company under investigation in the political slush fund controversy and spotted a suspiciously large cash payment. The company replied that money wasn't an American campaign donation; the cash went instead to a high-ranking official of a Middle East government.

Despite the magnitude of the ethical questions, the SEC is working on a short leash. Its jurisdiction is confined to the issue of whether the payments should be disclosed to the stockholders and the investing public. Like other government agencies, the SEC's authority stops at the water's edge, and so the question of possible corporate bribery committed on foreign soil goes legally untouched. But the SEC is pressing ahead to hold American business to a new standard: if such payments are made, public confession must also be made.

The SEC took its latest move in mid-April against Northrop Corporation, the aerospace giant, in a somewhat different case that centered on payments to foreign middlemen rather than any direct payoffs. The SEC said Northrop failed to account fully for about $30 million paid to various business agents and consultants within a recent three-year period. It added that some of the middlemen "to whom a substantial part of the $30 million was purportedly disbursed refused to confirm even the receipt of said funds. . . ." The SEC didn't give details, but a still-secret Northrop report does. There were nine million dollars in payments for which auditors could obtain no verification. And $3.4 million of that sum went to a foreign company called Triad and its assignees. Triad is headed by Adnan Khashoggi, who acts as an arms salesman to Saudi Arabia. Khashoggi, about 40, is the son of the personal physician to a late king of Saudi Arabia. He has homes in Beirut, Paris and London, keeps a yacht at Cannes, and jet-sets around Europe in his own private DC-9 airliner. Khashoggi has become the man to see for arms peddlers looking for Arabian sales. He helped Northrop sell F-5 jet fighters to Saudi Arabia. He helped Lockheed sell C-130 transport planes there. And he was the go-between for Raytheon on a deal involving millions of dollars in Hawk missiles for Saudi Arabia.



Crossing palms across the sea

Curiously Khashoggi was also an acquaintance of former President Richard M. Nixon. The White House once acknowledged he had met Nixon about a decade ago. As a result of Khashoggi's money and his aura of mystery, he has come under scrutiny by the Watergate special prosecutor's office. But those who were close to Nixon in money-raising have said they never heard of Khashoggi, and no donations by him have ever been found.

Khashoggi, educated at Stanford, has been putting part of his money back into this country. He owns two banks in Walnut Creek, California—one of them bought from Rep. Fortney H. Stark (D, Calif.), who recently called for a crackdown on such Arab investments here.

The Northrop report showed another four million dollars that could not be traced to its destination was spent by a subsidiary installing a nationwide communications network of telephones, telegraph, radio and television in Iran. Still another $687,000 in untraced funds went to a "Mohamed Nga," who was not identified.

A Pentagon report by the Defense Security Assistance Agency said the use of foreign agents as middlemen in the Mideast is commonplace, and so is the problem of influence payoffs. It said influence "can range from normal friendships or family ties between the local agent and procuring officer to the payment of substantial sums of money to individuals in high government positions. . . ."

That report did not concern Northrop. But it did cite the example of a middleman for an unnamed American electronics firm. The report said the middleman admitted "he has three members of the National Assembly of the country on retainer fees for the purpose of obtaining inner circle intelligence. . . ." There were other examples, including one in which a government official was a silent partner in a separate

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business with a middleman. But the Pentagon took out the names of the Mideast nations for security reasons.

A spokesman for one company facing SEC action called the use of middlemen a necessity in other countries. "They are a way of doing business," he said. But an SEC investigator said such dealings are a high-risk practice and, as such, the investor is entitled to be informed about the risks a company is taking. Instead most executives have played the game very close to the corporate vest. The Northrop report said sometimes only the chairman of the board, Thomas V. Jones, knew of the middleman arrangements.

Jones, incidentally, was involved in turning over $50,000 in cash to a Nixon emissary who used it for Watergate cover-up payments in the summer of 1972. And a letter from a Northrop attorney in the report offers another insight into the idiosyncrasies of executive behavior. It says Jones "was, in fact, accumulating $100 bills in his wine cellar at home." The chairman apparently had $8000 or more in personal cash kept at a gentle temperature among the bottles of bordeaux and burgundy.

The manner in which several companies were raising cash for slush funds—for use at home or abroad—is hardly in keeping with any assumption of honorable intentions. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company was pocketing discounts from its suppliers in Europe and was stashing the cash in a Swiss bank account in Zurich, then ferrying the money back into this country. Gulf Oil piped its millions into Bahamas Exploration Company, Ltd. in Nassau. Phillips Petroleum Company got a subcontractor to kick back part of its fee in building a foreign petroleum facility and funneled the money into Swiss corporations that then paid $1.3 million to "foreign associates" in that project. Phillips won't say where, but it does have foreign facilities in West Germany, Australia, Brazil, Colombia and Venezuela.

The most imaginative laundering of overseas money may have been done by Braniff Airways, Inc., which according to testimony sold unrecorded airline tickets over the counter in Panama and used that cash to finance a $40,000 Nixon donation. Braniff has admitted no more than that one contribution. But the Civil Aeronautics Board has accused Braniff of selling at least $641,000 and perhaps as much as $927,000 in unrecorded tickets over a four-year period in Central and South America. That mystery is yet to be unraveled.

It does seem apparent, however, that in the rush to judgment by the Senate Watergate panel and others, the Nixon campaign of 1972 got at least one bad rap. The campaign was depicted as a shakedown artist that pushed American business to the wall to come up with protection money. The evidence would indicate that the device of laundering money overseas was not an invention forced by the Nixon collection agents, but instead was a long-standing practice by American business, used for political purposes not only in this country but others. What the Nixon campaign did, in raising so much money by Washington's traditional avenues, was to magnify the methods to such an extent that the flaws in the system became glaringly visible.

The reluctant reckoning is here. The SEC has moved against Gulf Oil, United Brands, Northrop and Phillips Petroleum in cases involving foreign payments, and has filed against two other companies for political slush funds at home. The CAB has called Braniff and American Airlines on the carpet, although it acted only after a frustrated enforcement director left a suicide note. The Justice Department has obtained a tax fraud indictment against Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company for foreign laundering of money, and more tax cases are also expected.

At the same time corporate reformers have found an opening, and half a dozen suits are pending. In the most dramatic case Northrop accepted a landmark court settlement requiring four independent outside directors named by a federal judge. For many years the boards of American business have been a closed shop, a system of ingrown groups in which the controlling management would choose its own watchdogs, with an occasional minority mascot named to blunt the winds of public opinion. Corporations will be facing the battle of public accountability the rest of this century, and perhaps beyond.

But this is the issue that should have been resolved yesterday, and already tomorrow's problems are upon us. Much of American business is no longer that—American business. It is multinational. The sales of the top US-based worldwide companies exceed the income of some small nations. The cracks and crevices for operating between countries, in partial jurisdiction of one and under differing laws of another, are countless. They are reflected not only in Swiss bank accounts, and laundering of slush fund money in the Bahamas, and payoffs in Honduras, but in the tax advantages of American oil companies with tankers sailing under a Liberian flag, and in mutual funds set up in the Caribbean, and in currency speculation in Europe and the pursuit of the petrodollar. The question of regulation of the multinational corporations should be approached on a broader policy basis than one of the plugging a loophole at a time only when it becomes too outrageous to ignore.

The SEC's authority is woefully limited. In effect it says if a business does something shady overseas, it should admit the deed publicly. And if caught, a corporation can settle the SEC suit by a consent agreement in which, without admitting it did anything wrong, it promises not to do it again. We need to consider how far American law should follow American-based corporations. The implications and complications of that question are manifold, but they should be faced.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Day of the Locust
(Paramount)

And Now My Love
(Avco Embassy)

Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust* (1939) is one of the three best pieces of fiction I know about the film world. (The other two are Isherwood's *Prater Violet* and Fitzgerald's unfinished work *The Last Tycoon*.) Very early in his book West sets its tone of abstracted reality. He says of his artist-hero, who works as a designer for a studio, "'The Burning of Los Angeles,' a picture he was soon to paint, definitely proved he had talent." It's this essential quality, of almost sly distortion, that the screenplay by Waldo Salt and the direction by John Schlesinger miss, with a completeness that is almost breathtaking.

A Yale fine arts graduate, Tod Hackett, is hired to work in Hollywood, where he becomes infatuated with a 17-year-old extra named Faye Greener, daughter of a broken-down vaudevillian who now peddles door to door. Around them is a gallery of gargoyles and grotesques, a dwarf, a cowboy extra, a Mexican who owns fighting cocks, and, especially, a 40-year-old highly repressed bookkeeper named Homer Simpson from the Midwest. West lays in their lives like panels of a stained-glass window for Black Masses, and ends with a huge riot scene at a Hollywood premiere where Homer goes mad and attacks a disgusting little child actor named Adore Loomis.

Salt, who wrote the screenplay of *Midnight Cowboy* for Schlesinger, had to rearrange some of West's structure, obviously, for film life, but some basic changes he never justifies. First, viewpoint. West starts with Tod and stays with him for a good while; when he leaves Tod for Homer's viewpoint, he justifies this by giving us a good deal of character information about the nutty Midwesterner. In the film, when we leave Tod's viewpoint for Homer's, we learn no more about the second man than we could have learned otherwise. Second—and crucial because she is the *ignis fatuus* of the piece—Faye is changed from a cool sexy child, imperious and destructive, to a consciously coy, quasi-neurotic woman in her 20s, and her father is given some obtrusively frank things to say to Tod about her sexual behavior. Though Salt has used a good deal of West's dialogue for Faye, he has nonetheless converted an unwitting killer ("with long, swordlike legs"!) into a banally posing bore. Third, Salt has left no barrel unscraped to pad the script: a long and trite scene at a revival meeting à la Aimee Semple McPherson, which the novel only mentions in passing; a visit to the huge Hollywoodland sign; a near-rape of Faye by Tod (which West very significantly restrains Tod from trying), and more. Instead of a tight strong bad-dream script, something of an equivalent to the novel, we get a discursive 140-minute drag.

Schlesinger has never shown much originality in his direction, but he has shown taste, sympathy and control. Gone. We know even before the titles of this new film that he is out of imaginative energy, is just plodding down the road. West begins the book with a bit of studio activity that sets the tone uniquely: a bunch of haughtily costumed soldiers pass Tod's window, then a vulgar little assistant with a megaphone appears and profanely orders them to a different set. Schlesinger uses the moment later but ineffectually, because it's too late and is shot from a mile away without a point of view. He was of course not obligated to merely mimic West, but what alternative opening does he give us? A long series of shots on the set of a costume film (including the old Kaufman-Hart gag of a prelate reading a worldly paper off camera) that launches us on the Sunset Boulevard of corny old-Hollywood nostalgia. When West's principal characters appear, their grotesqueness seems peripheral amusement rather than the central mode.

In *The Great Gatsby* Jack Clayton obtruded irrelevant swatches of German expressionism. In *The Day of the Locust* some such intensified, particularized view would have been helpful: it would have made the odd agonies of the various lives the very key of the film, instead of making them objective observations from a tourist bus, and it would have helped the picture grow organically to the climax of the riot, which now is unprepared in tonality. (In order to connect the riot visually with what has gone before, Schlesinger has to put some of the mob in masks corresponding to Goya-like sketches that Tod has done for a Waterloo film he's designing.) And Schlesinger-Salt confirm their lack of control with the last quiet scene, which they add after the riot. Why should it be Faye who comes back one day to look at Tod's now-empty apartment in the building where once they both lived? Surely, if the film is to have a shred of esthetic and psychological consistency, it ought to close with Tod. Why couldn't *he* have come back to look at *her* empty apartment?

Still the picture might have muddled through somehow if Schlesinger had cast it well. True, William Atherton as Tod looks and sounds right, and he concentrates to give some texture to the part. But most of the other actors are poor and one is fatal. Bo Hopkins is nonexistent as the cowboy, Burgess Meredith labors heavily as the old vaudevillian, and, as Homer, Donald Sutherland has had his hair cut differently, not much else. The crusher is Karen Black as Faye, giving more or less the same writhing, loose-lipped, sweaty, petulant performance that she gave as the garageman's wife in *The Great Gatsby*. When Scott Fitzgerald read West's novel, he said he was particularly struck by "the character and handling of the aspirant actress." I doubt that he saw much relation between Faye and his own Myrtle, yet that latter-day resemblance is what assaults us here. Black is credible neither as a secretly frightened sexual demon nor as a femme fatale for Tod. From first moment to last she does

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Instant classic. Fellini's touching, bitter, funny lyric of his youth.

Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full. An adolescent French country girl's summer. No "sensitivity," just some wryly seen truth.

Hearts and Minds. Politically pallid, this Vietnam documentary still does some graphic reminding.

Lenny. A first-rate cast in a third-rate script about L. Bruce, well directed by Bob Fosse.

The Passenger. The eye is Antonioni's eye, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

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Reconsideration

The Poetry of Michael Harper

Michael Harper is coming on like the trains running through his poems. Sometimes he travels barrelhouse like the train Casey Jones rode. Sometimes he goes in stealth like Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth and thousands of others who escaped slavery on the tracks of the underground railroad. Sometimes he travels according to the winding rhythm of John Coltrane's horn. That musician, whose name partakes of folk tradition, dominates Harper's imagination. In lines written for Sterling Brown, Harper evokes as well the blues roots of 'Trane and other black musicians:

to speak of doubletalk, the tongue
gone pure, the stoic line a trestle
whistlin', a man a train comin' on:

Nightmare Begins Responsibility (University of Illinois Press) is Harper's fifth book of poems in five years. It is a book of dues paid to people and traditions implicit but unacknowledged in Harper's earlier work. I am thinking of two parts of the new book: *Sterling Letters*, written in tribute to the poet, critic and teacher, Sterling A. Brown, and the title section, written for Harper's parents in memory of his ancestors. On the preface page to *Sterling Letters* Harper makes it clear that he sees rhythm as the essential of style. In his view a vision grew from the kinship Sterling Brown's poetic line has with men and women in the moving changes of that man's voice:

The strong men keep a-comin' on
The strong men git stronger.

Great God, but you was a man.

Den take yo' time. . . .
Honey, take yo' bressed time.

Like Sterling Brown, Michael Harper has a lineage going back into more than 100 years of folk tradition. Their common root lies in the blues' power not to kill pain but to transform it into life-giving energy, for the poet an energy of language that puts individual situations in touch with folk experience.

Harper's first three volumes, *Dear John, Dear Coltrane* (1970), *History Is Your Own Heartbeat* (1971), and *Song: I Want A Witness* (1972), included many poems about his wife, their children and his wife's family. Until *Nightmare Begins Responsibility* Harper had left his own family past unarticulated except in stories told late at night with jazz blowing from the corners of the room. Now he's written a poem for each of his grandfathers, another for his mother's mother. They are masterful and unforgettable poems. In them Harper evokes for his children the lives of people whose legacy is a strength and integrity that crossed over the turf of survival. His mother's father, Roland, was a doctor in Brooklyn. Harper's matter-of-fact, stoic lines enlarge the scale not only of his grandfather's life but his own:

Who waits for the watch that a white
man
brought to our stoop some weeks after
his stitches healed, his eye put back
from the sidewalk glimmering with
vision,
his wrecked car cleaned from the corner
where he stacked his flesh
put back by a black man from Canada?

No one waited, least of all Dr. Roland Johnson. He went on with his mission on the quiet; race, a factor of vision neither enlarged nor diminished in his life.

Neither was race a soluble in the life of Michael Harper's father's father who faced down a mob who were his townspeople before viewing a classic American film:

In 1915 my grandfather's
neighbors surrounded his house
near the dayline he ran
on the Hudson
in Catskill, NY
and thought they'd burn
his family out
in a movie they'd just seen
and be rid of his kind:
the death of a lone black
family is the Birth
of a Nation,
or so they thought.

Harper's splicing of poetic line is his way of insisting that we deal with the issue of technique (technology) and vision. Classic or not, *Birth of a Nation* was a rewrite/edit job on what actually took place back in Reconstruction. The line—"or so they thought"—is Harper's cue to realities other than the racial fantasies brought to life by the movie and approved by President Wilson, his cabinet and the United States Supreme Court in their White House preview arranged by Thomas Dixon. To survive, Harper's grandfather had to become heroic in life, not in the movies.

For Harper, style is an intangible of personality made tangible in action performed with inner and outer rhythm. Like Ernest Gaines and Alice Walker, Michael Harper is out to restore the broken links between generations of black folk. In "Under the Posted Tree," a poem for Daisy Brown, he evokes the pain, complexity and struggle in the lives of older black women of every generation:

Daisy sings to her grandmother
Sister Gooose, swimming on the lake
demanding justice, sweet geese,
these headragged readable sisters
asleep, their deranged wants
dead and alive.

In "Buck" Harper salutes an old shoeshine man in San Francisco, source of wisdom after the Birmingham firebombing murder of four black girls in 1963, and source of consolation after Harper's son died hours after birth in 1968:

When my third son
died in intensive,
after early birth,
he took two photos
of his champions
for two sons I'd lost,
and signed their backs;
patting my shoulder
with mahogany nails
he called them grandsons,
turned toward two men
with black, unlaced shoes
patting their sleeping soles.

The simple, almost unbearable unwinding of these lines formalizes this man's loving gesture in the midst of work he dignifies no matter what its stereotype. This is precisely Harper's mission as a poet: to deal in complexities no matter whose ideology he offends.

The materials of music and poetry are styles honed in manhood and womanhood. The poet's mission is to shape perception around truths of the heart;

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through complexities of pain Harper's poetry expresses the process of love. Love is inseparable from detail, or as storytellers call it, anecdote. So it is that Harper calls his most testamental poem for Sterling Brown, "Wars, Debts: 'And When I Worries, I Sleeps.'" First flow the details, anecdotes marching in salute to Brown's folk characters, his battles, his stoical and sympathetic truth-telling:

Some things must be told to be remembered:
that you taught in kingship; Mrs. Bibbie,
'Big Boy' Davis, J.C. Moreland, Sporting Daniels;
that you rode the trains, conceived in church:

The ground made fallow and sown, Harper declares allegiance to Sterling Brown, unsentimentally, aware of that man's achievement and the failure of his brothers toward him even in their (and his) acknowledgement:

we have built off you,
we have stolen from you,
we have loved you and must tell you so,
just in time
always too late.

In *Debridement* (Doubleday, 1973) Harper wrote about Dwight Johnson, a black marine veteran of Vietnam who received the Congressional Medal of Honor in 1968, and was shot to death two years later as he tried to rob a store in Detroit. In the poem Johnson's name is changed to John Henry Louis, and he becomes a folk character. Harper takes his language from newspaper accounts, from medical charts, from marine jargon, and from the rich street talk of Johnson and his friends in Detroit's ghetto. At one point Harper links Johnson's condition to the critical condition of language and culture: *Body Poetry Torn Asunder*. Here and in his current work, Michael Harper is a deeply complex poet whose mission is to unite the fractured, inhumane technologies of our time with the abiding deep well of Negro folk traditions.

John Callahan

John Callahan is chairman of the English department at Lewis and Clark College, Portland, Oregon.

To an Old Man Twiddling Thumbs

You sit twiddling thumbs
'beat out', watching
your wife watch you watch her:
all this watching twiddling thumbs.

My children fidget while you balance
thumb controls on local news
excerpts from a recent book on Slavery
and we finally have the scale of twiddling thumbs.

Old man, remember the chemistry
for your depression is alchemical.
I set out my convivial tools
measuring your need, measuring your index
finger, your thumbnails, your wife
'beat out' in her slavery of affection
for your genius at disguise.

Old man, my pestle works for your recovery;
old man, the conjure knowledge is 'beat out'
with alkaline and tea,
this nightmare where you've lost your way home:
old man, the strong men must come on.

Michael S. Harper

Nazi Fury

The War Against the Jews 1933-1945 by Lucy S. Dawidowicz

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $15)

What does Lucy Dawidowicz add to our knowledge or understanding of the holocaust of European Jewry? In view of the mass of material on the subject the question is unavoidable. The answer is best given by noting the self-imposed limitations of standard works available. Raul Hilberg's classic *The Destruction of European Jewry* is, as the author himself points out, a book about the destroyers not the victims. Gerald Reitlinger in *The Final Solution* does not appear to have had direct access to many sources in Yiddish. The great diarists of the ghetto (Emanuel Ringelblum, Chaim Kaplan) whose writings were discovered after they perished, describe in agonizing detail a process whose outcome they can only suspect with growing horror. The numerous memoirs of survivors, recollected not in tranquility, depend for their effectiveness more on the literary skill of the individual writer than on what he relates. The relentless sequence of events from the initial stripping of Jews of all human rights, their immolation in ghettoes and concentration camps removed from any eye of mercy, to the ultimate carnage are all too familiar; the reader is numbed by repetition.

Unlike any of the works mentioned, *The War Against the Jews* effects a masterly synthesis of German, Jewish and other historical data. Painstakingly documented, the book analyzes the conception and execution of the Nazi extermination program of six million (among them one million children) of Europe's 10 million Jews. But the author is also concerned with the nature of Jewish experience as well as the successful Nazi experiment in mass murder. Consequently this history, without special pleading, by its very content, offers answers to such nagging questions as: why did the Jews not resist? What was the role of the Jewish councils? How central was the annihilation of the Jews to the Nazi vision of world domination?

So much has already been written about the rapid evolution from what at

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first appeared to be anti-Semitic persecution on a previously unknown scale to the culminating moment in 1941 when Hitler gave the order for the "Final Solution of the Jewish Question" to Himmler, that little fresh information on this score is likely to be quarried. But the comprehensive record, reconstructed in its totality, punctures a number of generalizations, among them Hannah Arendt's facile phrase, "the banality of evil." From the wealth of exact reference both in regard to what the Nazis did and the Jews suffered, it is clear that the executors of Hitler's will, the Eichmanns and lesser operators of the Nazi machinery of death, were not little men mechanically obeying orders without any impulse toward or delight in evil. In the Nazi universe the monstrous had become acceptable, the extraordinary, ordinary. Evil was not committed by commonplace robots; rather evildoers had become commonplace. The lesson of the Nazi era is not the banality of evil but that inordinate evil, if licensed, can become banal. Those who energetically performed the Fuehrer's bidding were the moral underworld to whose lusts and pathology Nazi doctrine had given free rein and whom "normal" Germans had enthroned for a variety of reasons.

In the course of 30 years we have become so inured to the concept of the systematic extermination of a people through modern technology that we find it hard to reconstruct the state of mind of Jews who, despite the evidence, could not conceive the reality of the gas chamber 'til they were within its fatal doors. With diabolical ingenuity the Nazis fragmented the Jews into ghettoes and kept knowledge of the progressive annihilation of one locality from reaching another. When a report of the death factories reached an underground paper in the Warsaw ghetto as late as January 1942 it was printed on the last page "as if the editors themselves had misgivings about its authenticity." Small wonder then that in the United States, when the editors of the *Jewish Frontier* (this reviewer among them) received a similar account in September 1942 they, like their Warsaw counterparts, printed the terrible tidings in small print in the back of the magazine. By the end of February the Warsaw paper had moved the news to the front while the *Jewish Frontier* devoted its November 1942 issue to the extermination program. Despite the differences in circumstances the psychological reaction and time lag between unbelief and belief were the same.

But in the ghettoes many stubbornly clung to the hope that deportation meant "resettlement"—the promise the Nazis held out to ensure the readier compliance of their victims. Nothing in their long history of persecution had prepared Jews for the implacable Nazi purpose. In the past, Jewish suffering had been intelligible and, in a sense, chosen; martyrdom could be escaped through baptism or assimilation. Jews could not grasp that their extermination was for Hitler as significant an objective as victory over the Allies. In the final phases of the war Germans used precious transport to convey women and children to the gas chambers rather than soldiers to—or away from—the front. The irrational character, as well as the bestiality of the vast murder scheme, kept Jews from giving credence to the warnings of organized youth groups who had established a network of couriers among the scattered ghettoes.

Suppose they had understood from the beginning? Could sick, starving, unarmed beings have availed against battalions of stormtroopers who killed for sport and who always held the threat of a mass punitive "action" over their helpless hostages? When in its last extremity the Warsaw ghetto led by the youth groups began its foredoomed resistance in an uprising that was the first of its kind in Nazi occupied Europe, the Germans, after an initial retreat, set fire to the ghetto. They would waste no soldiers to fight Jews.

The ambiguous and varied roles of the Jewish councils are discussed by the author without either blanket condemnation or extenuation. Particularly useful is her analysis of the inner structure of the ghettoes and the various organized attempts at self-help and education to prevent the lapse into chaos, which was part of the Nazi program for Jewish debasement—the prelude to extermination.

My only quarrel with the author is her failure to discuss the one attempt made to reach the Jews entombed in Nazi Europe—that of the Jews of Palestine, then numbering 600,000. The Palestinian emissaries who set up a secret office in Istanbul in 1941, the parachutists from Palestine, including the legendary Hannah Senesh, sought to breach the Nazi fortress and to establish contact with the immured Jewries. Through these emissaries a message from the Zionist youth groups in the Warsaw ghetto reached the headquarters of the Labor party in Tel Aviv in April 1943. Should they rise against the Germans? While such activists as Golda Meir debated whether they dare counsel certain destruction, word came of the ghetto's last stand.

In 1947 a survivor who had reached Palestine on an illegal ship said to me: "They killed us because we had no country." When one recalls how the United States and other countries refused entry to those who might have escaped, the explanation, despite its shocking simplicity, is hard to dismiss. In the Nazi war against the Jews, the only victory possible to the victim was survival—achieved by one-third of European Jewry. The crematoria in which two-thirds were consumed and the introduction of a new concept, "genocide," into the human psyche and vocabulary proved to be Hitler's sole abiding legacy and triumph.

Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin is the author of *Blessed is the Match, The Story of Jewish Resistance* (Knopf, 1947).

Children at Dachau after the liberation

Photo courtesy of Yivo: *Institute for Jewish Research*

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The Take-offs

How It All Began: Origins of the Modern Economy by W.W. Rostow

(McGraw-Hill; $10)

To the general public Walt Whitman Rostow is best known as the White House adviser (and former MIT professor) who provided the ideological underpinning for President Johnson's tenacious stand against the Communists in Southeast Asia. To economic historians he is more intimately known for what may be termed his "aerodynamic" theory of economic development. His dual roles as adviser and scholar are not as unrelated as may appear. His development theory, which is extended in *How It All Began*, was also designed as a thrust against the Communist world.

Rostow's ambitious objective was to formulate a general theory that would at once explain economic growth throughout history, refute the dialectical materialism of Karl Marx, and serve as a model for current practice in today's developing countries. His initial and most influential effort was contained in *The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto*, 1960, which was greeted with impressive reservations by most of his fellow workers in economic history. Nobel prize winner Simon Kuznets, for example, found Rostow's thesis "fuzzy" and "unsupported." The most stinging indictment of all was that the theory did not even explain the world's first and most dramatic emergence of a modern industrial state, that of Great Britain—a charge that no doubt contributed to the writing of *How It All Began*.

Rostow has likened the development of a nation to the movement of an airplane, broken down into five stages. First, there is the stage of "tradition" in which he groups "the whole pre-Newtonian world: the dynasties of China; the civilization of the Middle East and the Mediterranean; the world of medieval Europe" plus "the post-Newtonian societies which, for a time, remained untouched or unmoved by man's new capability for regularly manipulating his environment to his economic advantage." Productivity in this period is stable and unchanging, and the plane in his metaphor is motionless and cold. The second stage provides "the preconditions for development" exemplified by the break-up of the Middle Ages and the commercial revolution, in which trade spreads and output rises modestly, though technology remains relatively stagnant. The plane's engine in this period is started and begins to warm.

The third and most critical stage is "the take-off," in which quite suddenly and in response to "a particularly sharp stimulus" technology is revolutionized, per capita output rises briskly, and the nation generates "self-sustaining growth." This period, he says, is relatively brief and traumatic as in Great Britain in 1783-1802, and the United States in 1843-1860. It is followed by "the drive to maturity" (in the United States from 1860 to 1914) and "the age of high mass consumption" now in progress in the United States, Western Europe and Japan, and "with which Soviet Society is engaged in an uneasy flirtation."

The pattern as a whole was expected by Rostow to show the present underdeveloped countries that if they could establish the necessary "preconditions," they could hope to duplicate the economic experience of the West, and *without* resort to Communist or other totalitarian methods. Furthermore, he promised, the time needed to stimulate a take-off would now be much shorter than it was in earlier days for the West. Readily at hand for the Third World are the fruits of modern science and technology. Financial and technical aid from the richer countries, he hoped, would help elevate investment to the strategic 10 percent rate that history (according to Rostow) rules essential for self-sustained growth. Actually the greater part of the world's population lives in areas of Asia, Africa and Latin America in which economic progress of any kind is still difficult to discern. Nearly all those countries that have taken off such as Iran, Taiwan, South Korea, Brazil, Yugoslavia and Rumania are totalitarian, Communist or otherwise.

One cannot blame Rostow for the fate of the Third World but many economic historians hold him accountable for other sins. Kuznets and others challenge the generality of his "stage" sequence in the various countries of the world, the evidence used to identify the stages, and the analysis that purports to show that one stage gives rise to the next. If their reaction is correct, then there is nothing to Rostow's theory at all save its catchy terminology. *How It All Began* is apparently intended as a partial response to these criticisms and will be followed, the author promises, by a sequel "setting down the story of how the world economy has evolved over the past two centuries." The present book sketches the early traditional revolution in Great Britain and the rest of Western Europe. He attributes the take-offs in the late 18th and early 19th centuries to the preceding scientific revolution, the awakening interest of rulers in increasing national output per capita, the improvements in agriculture leading to cheaper food, rising populations and expanding demand; and the stimulus to invention and innovation contributed by national rivalries and wars. After rejecting various hypotheses, he concludes that the industrial revolution occurred in Great Britain first because of the "germinal inventive and innovational activities of the English Nonconformists and Scottish Presbyterians," who as "creative minorities" found few other opportunities for advancement outside industry.

The absence of growth in traditional societies is attributed by Rostow to a "conceptual" failure: "Science—lively and irrepressible as it was—did not teach those with access to or power over resources that the physical world could be understood in ways that permitted it systematically to be transformed to their advantage." Because of cultural blinders, therefore, surplus income when available went into public monuments or personal luxuries rather than investment.

Although emphases differ from one writer to the next, practically all of Rostow's observations are familiar from the works of others. His narrative is distinctive mainly in that it is extraordinarily discursive and selective; and it is of course thrust into his own ready-made category of stages, quite awkwardly at times. There are no interpretive summaries to relieve the choppy presentation and no index. On the question of substance in his contribution, or of validity in the Rostovian sequence of stages, in this reviewer's opinion, his latest work is unlikely to convince any colleagues not already counted among his supporters. Analytically nothing new is added to the original statement of his theory. More important, the systematic assembly of relevant statistical and institutional evidence Kuznets demanded is as glaringly absent as in his initial endeavor.

One striking limitation in Rostow's

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effort to define verifiable and repetitive causal sequences in history seems to be an insuperable ideological aversion to insights that might even lightly bear what he would judge to be a Marxian tarnish. Hence one will look in vain for a reference to class conflict, to the tensions created in prevailing institutions by technological innovations, or the cultural lags that generate political confrontations and restrain adaptations to new conditions. For example, Rostow finds it possible, ingeniously, to discuss 18th-century "corn laws"—tariffs on grain—without acknowledging the opposing interests of aristocratic landowners and the new breed of capitalists. The result makes for pallid reading and a curiously jumbled, incomplete, anecdotal history.

Melville J. Ulmer

Beautiful Boy

Edward VIII
by Frances Donaldson

(Lippincott; $15)

Royal biographers have had to adjust to the winds of change. Where once they reveled in battles, plots, the course of empires and the fate of nations, they are now for the most part reduced to considering what is assuredly that most unromantic and indifferent of objects—the constitutional monarch. To be sure, Edward VIII, the Duke of Windsor, was no ordinary constitutional monarch, and Lady Frances Donaldson has given us a biographical *tour de force:* a deft, comprehensive, suitably analytic portrait of that unhappy man. His interest lies wholly in himself; Lady Donaldson having drawn him indelibly, there is nothing more to say.

How, she asks, did the Prince of Wales turn into the Duke of Windsor, the "beautiful, eager English boy into the sad-faced man living between Paris and New York"? The question is never fully answered, and probably can not be. It is as much a problem for psychiatrists as historians. Indeed all the ingredients are there, the most obvious a glaring example of the generation gap. The Duke was born into a transitory period for the British throne, and he seems never to have known what hit him.

His father, George V, was the first real constitutional monarch: a suffocating symbol of rectitude and domestic felicity, his pious adherence to the rigors of duty undoubtedly drove his fun-loving son into agonies of apprehension. The Duke thought a king should be one thing, his father had other ideas, and the two never agreed. George V knew better what his subjects wanted, but a lifetime of fatherly admonitions failed to avert the fatal rendezvous with Mrs. Simpson.

The tragedy of the Duke, of course, is that he hadn't the intellectual equipment to sort out the ambivalent position in which any heir apparent finds himself. His ideas on kingship were blurred at best and never amounted to much apart from a conviction that the company his father kept was stifling. He did not see the ceremonial homage paid to his royal self for its symbolic value; he felt he ought to be *doing* something. It is poignant to read of his strenuous efforts to get himself killed in World War I. That he was spared to open roadways and preside at banquets seems to have been an unbearable cross. He found solace, alas, in the then embryonic jet set, much to his parents' horror.

Which leads, inevitably, to the abdication, the climactic event of his brief reign, indeed of his whole life. Lady Donaldson weaves together the various facts and episodes skillfully and judiciously. That the Duke was enormously popular at his accession is well known; so is that he had many useful and influential allies. That in the course of 11 months he managed to bring the entire structure of his forthcoming reign crashing about his head and be forced to slip off to Calais in the dead of night is astonishing, even funny. There is a particular sense of relief in Lady Donaldson's account that it happened as it did. Clearly the Duke's brother, George VI, was better suited to the task. It is also refreshing to hear this point of view. In the United States the abdication has more often than not been presented as a boy-girl tale of love and sacrifice, and that it most certainly was not. It is a tale of many people, otherwise better occupied, bending over backwards to accommodate an obstinate and foolish man.

I might add that Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, hitherto everyone's favorite bogeyman in the affair, at long last gets the fair treatment he deserves

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in this book.

Why was the Duke so insistent on marrying Mrs. Simpson? Curiously, it is possible that even Mrs. Simpson, the Duchess of Windsor, doesn't know. The Duke had had a series of affairs with married women older than himself; she was twice divorced and a few years younger. "She could never resist a party," says Lady Donaldson in a delightful understatement, and apart from a peculiar ability to worm her way into the upper reaches of British society, her hold over the Duke mystified and eventually irritated his friends. For the record, she did offer to withdraw from the affair, but by that time the die was cast and the gesture scarcely worth making. Because of her Edward VIII became the Duke of Windsor, a melancholy ghost hovering about the postwar world, searching for (and finding) a tax haven, playing golf, raising dogs, waiting, I suspect, to die. By the age of 42 he had strutted and fretted his half-hour upon the stage; the balance was downhill.

Lady Donaldson offers an interesting tidbit: after the abdication, Mrs. Keppel, the extramarital bedmate of King Edward VII, remarked that the Duke had shown "neither decency, nor wisdom, nor regard for tradition" in his conduct throughout the crisis. Surely, in any compendium of ironic humor, this deserves a place.

Philip Terzian

Philip Terzian is an editor at The New Republic Book Company.

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Kenneth Evett on art

Death Wish

A suicidal drift toward the easy comforts of nihilism has become both an enticement and portent of recent American art. But unlike the passionate rejections of Turgenev's Bazarov, the nihilist gestures of our culture heroes have been cool, apolitical and easily reconciled to the status quo. Faced with the endless contentions and complexities of modern life, minimal artists have responded with reassuring images of uncomplicated vacancy, and those artists who have accommodated their vision to the dehumanizing computerized graphs and geometric grids of modern technology have provided familiar visual patterns to buck up the insecure.

As a natural consequence of this steady progression toward an art of mechanized anonymity and soothing emptiness, many artists have all but banished the disturbing life signs of movement, conflict or contrast from their work. Others have made transience and disintegration both the content and process of their creations. This widespread preoccupation with rites of renunciation may seem to be just another manifestation of the old puritanic American itch for the condign satisfactions of self-punishment; but it may also reflect an acute awareness of our present state of anxiety. At the least, it forebodes a terminal stage for one phase of contemporary art.

Two recent New York exhibitions moved the art of painting a little further down that lonesome road to dissolution. Robert Motherwell (at Knoedler) and Brice Marden (at the Guggenheim), while still using traditional canvas grounds stretched across rectangular frames, managed to exorcise almost all the usual untidy manifestations of life from their paintings, although Motherwell stood out as the more energetic, life-affirming romantic.

Rectangles, with their sides parallel to the boundaries of the canvas, have for years been the standard motifs for reductive art, and Motherwell faithfully adheres to that formula. In his new work one lone rectangle is deployed symmetrically between the left and right sides, but placed at the uppermost limit of the base rectangle, where it can be perceived as either pressing against that edge, or passing beyond it, up and away, for whatever haptic impact those two significant, contradictory and equally elementary formal moves may have. This sole rectangle is beset by small random agitations of color, calligraphy or texture flickering around its edges. The rest of the canvas is monochromatic and, except for slight overall variations of brushwork, Motherwell's handsome signature is the only other trace of human activity to be found on that barren ground. About half of the exhibition consisted of elegant, casually ill-made collages encased under glass in precious, Madison-Avenue-gallery, gold leaf frames.

These collages are reminiscent of Motherwell's earlier work and point up the contradictions of his style. As a member of the New York School, he employed the crude vernacular substances, careless technique and improvisational methods that were à la mode, yet he had a classic Mediterranean sense of pictorial structure and was blessed or cursed with the kind of painterly grace and intuitive taste that is associated with good French painting. When he resolved the tensions generated by these contrary forces without loss of energy, as in the powerful "Elegy for the Spanish Republic" now at the Albright in Buffalo, Motherwell may possibly have established a claim on the "old master" label that has been so indiscriminately and prematurely bandied about by contemporary American art historians. However, the work of that period makes his recent minimal adventures seem like a fashionable but retrograde decline.

Brice Marden's exhibition at the Guggenheim was about as minimal as possible—short of not being there at all. Consisting mainly of monochromatic panels, sometimes clustered in twos and threes (Renaissance designations such as "diptychs" and "triptychs" seem pretentious in this case), these bare rectangles, painted in a medium of oil and wax, appear at first glance to be entirely uniform in tone and texture. Closer examination reveals minor variation of paint surface and minuscule titillations of pigmentation, value and random drips at the bottom edge of the canvas. His color range of subtle off-whites, muted grays, Japanese purples and greens, and high intensity primary

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hues is both distinctive and seductive. As in other exhibitions of this genre (such as the recent Rothko retrospective in Paris or the Newman show at the Museum of Modern Art), individual works tend to lose their identity and become subordinate components of a larger dramatic or spatial whole in which the entire exhibition is transformed into a single work of variations on a given theme.

Had Marden's exhibition been housed in a suitable rectangular environment it might conceivably have read as a handsome piece of architectural decoration, but displayed as it was, sliding down Wright's ramp, axes askew, each panel leaning out from the wall, surrounded by a halation of white light and caught up in a spatial movement far stronger than anything those timid rectangles could contend with, Marden's show seemed the ultimate realization of the architect's contemptuous conception of painting as mere harmless decoration. When viewed as separate entities, these passive planks of color may, like the trance music of Steve Reich, be an invitation to contemplation, daydreaming or mild hallucination, but they are in essence, both iconographically and formally, as safe and secure as the grave.

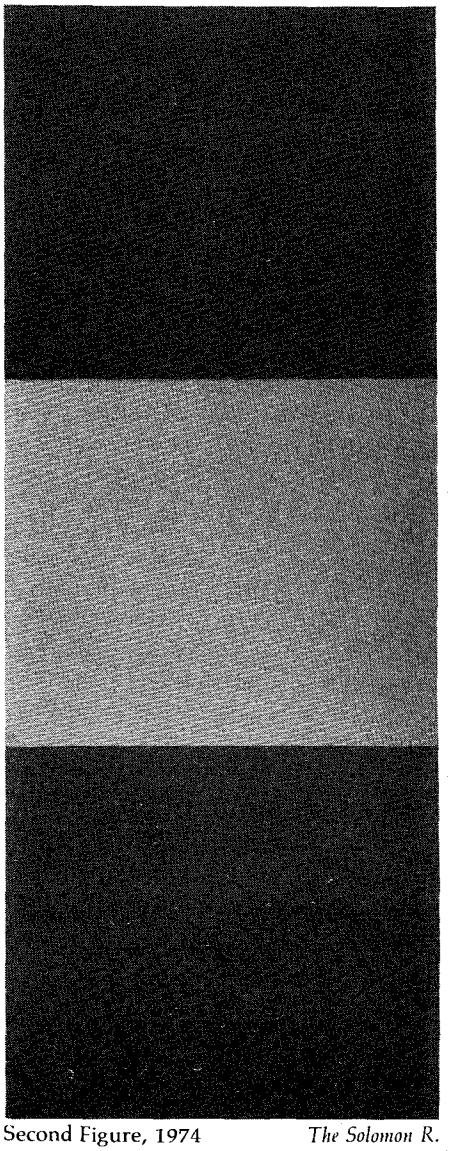
As a kind of last goodbye to the practice of painting rectangles on flat surfaces, Robert Hunter's recent display at the Museum of Modern Art seemed to me strangely honest and moving. Destined from the outset to certain obliteration at the conclusion of the exhibition, Hunter's creation was painted directly on the white walls of a minor gallery of the museum. One gray-and-white rectangular composition was repeated, with minor variations of structure, in progressively lighter values, moving from left to right, until the final barely visible version, a mere whisper, all but disappeared into the wall and did inevitably evoke a sense of the next step—nonexistence.

With no place left to go in that direction, the self-destructive impulse in contemporary art has found other avenues of expression through the work of those artists (prophets, fakes, martyrs, actors, counterculture zealots, operators?) who either deliberately court death, like the late German body-artist who had himself photographed in various acts of self-inflicted mutilation and torture until he finally did himself in, or are deliberately using creative processes with built-in mechanisms of change and decay.

Alan Sonfist's displays of moldering bread, proliferating microorganisms, orange peels, twigs, leaves and banana skins, either encased in immaculate plexiglas boxes or laid out on black velvet or morguelike white boxes are popular museum events in such Decline of the West centers as London, Venice, Amsterdam, Cologne, Cambridge, Massachusetts and Ithaca, New York. The cultural antecedents of these creations are mixed. Derived in part from Boy Scout nature studies, sixth grade do-it-yourself science projects, abstract expressionist letting-go, and innocent, open-eyed, open-minded Dada found-object fun and games, Sonfist simply extends these traditional processes to new reaches of absurd logic. A very ingenious man, Sonfist has come up with clever ways to let nature do the work for him, and the images produced by his use of organic processes are often visually appealing. They may even startle the viewer into a state of surprised recognition. Although the persistent theme of organic decay is not Sonfist's only message, it is one expressive element of content that sets him apart from the rest of his more conventional third-generation Dada colleagues. As far as I know he is the first and only artist to will his carcass to the Museum of Modern Art, to be laid out, like one of his blackening banana skins, on public display.

A more urgent flirtation with death has been the obsessive preoccupation of body-artist Chris Burden. Attended by assistants using the ubiquitous camera machine to record his "art," Burden has had himself bound and kicked down stairs, has persuaded a friend to shoot him in the left arm while a quartet of grinning girls (reminiscent of that other more baleful family of California cult disciples) looked on. He has crawled over a bed of broken glass, clothed only in bathing trunks; he has rolled in flames, been hung by his heels, and most recently spent three weeks fasting in a Manhattan gallery while perched on a triangular platform situated about three feet from the ceiling in one corner of what was once the salon of a brownstone mansion. At that height he was not visible and, for the duration of my visit to the gallery, made no sound. For all I know, he may have spent the entire three weeks in a New York bar reading his press clippings and laughing at the credulity of his fellow Americans. Even so, his creation had a certain eerie impact. If no more than an abstract formal protest against the tyrannical grid system of Mondrian's Manhattan, that small silent triangular space, occupied or not, when poised against the constant rushing about, consuming and spending of our capitalist Babylon seemed a cautionary act of denial and rejection.

Obviously, fasting in an elegant New York gallery while a dealer spouts pretentious PR phrases, sells catalogues like hotcakes and arranges remunerative appearances at hick American college art festivals and provincial European cities, is not a pure act of renunciation. And using an art museum for the transient exhibition of artifacts that will be thrown out later with the trash is an impudent subversion of the museum's sometime mission to provide the illusion of continuity and permanence for the public, the donors and all those poor, mortal, egocentric artists. But whether serious, flippant or prophetic, no matter how inconsistent and self-serving these negative gestures may seem, they do give form to some dark aspects of contemporary sensibili-



Second Figure, 1974 *The Solomon R.*
Brice Marden *Guggenheim Museum*

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ty. Perhaps the creation and exhibition of blank canvases offers a temporary refuge for an audience already surfeited with visual distractions, while the performance of an invisible, unsellable act of fasting may be an appropriate response to the grossly inflated commercial manipulations of international business and its reliable indicator, the art market. Possibly the display of deteriorating organisms may offer a salutary reminder of nature's impartial processes of change and decay. In any case these death-infatuated moves will have a short survival span—and that may be their chilling, irrefutable meaning. If death is the ultimate banality and art is the infinitely varied, idiosyncratic human gesture of defiance against that fact, these artists are simply calling attention once more to the old, existential, individual, cultural and creative choice that must always, though provisionally, be made between the two.

Fine Print

Back at the grind . . .

Doris Grumbach

For the past weeks I have been writing of events and long single reviews, neglecting the "nectar in a sieve" function of this column. Coming back to it now, I find an embarrassment of riches. There are not too few books to notice and too much trash pointedly to ignore, but instead, too many unnoticed or glancingly noticed books, that deserve attention.

W.H. Auden, a Tribute, edited by Stephen Spender (Macmillan; $14.95), is a collection of essays by friends, acquaintances and admirers of the late Anglo-American poet who died about 18 months ago, and whose whole corpus of poetry is not yet known to us. Said Spender in a recent interview: "It will be a long time before people will get the measure of Auden. Half of his work remains to be published."

This large volume, containing 36 contributions, moves from the slight and trivial, to the absorbing and informative. I especially liked Golo Mann's memoir, which starts with the rare admission that "I cannot do justice to his work . . . I did not know it thoroughly enough," and then goes on to some memories of the George Davis house in Brooklyn Heights in the early '40s that Auden lived in with Isherwood, Carson McCullers, Benjamin Britten. I remember that house well, having visited it often, and wonder only at Mann's omission of the name of one other visitor to it, of different fame: Gypsy Rose Lee.

The few critical articles, by John Bayley and by Stuart Hampshire, are interesting as far as they go but too slight to be considered serious criticism. Most of the pieces are personal reminiscence ("I remember Wystan when. . . . ."). Perhaps the most distinguished things in the volume are the photographs, of Auden as a young boy, as the later crag-faced, gentle man we remember, and of the manuscript pages and covers of his books, as well as some fine drawings. Clearly only the start of what will be a steady stream of books about one of the 20th century's major poetic figures, it is a good place to start: varied, intimate, full of love of the man and the artist.

Recently in New York I attended a showing of stunning and shocking photographs by W. Eugene and Aileen M. Smith. "The world has got itself into terrible trouble through pollution," the Smiths write in the introduction to the book devoted to the story of those pictures. Called **Minamata** (An Alskog-Sensorium Book; Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $10 paper), it tells, with all the terrible force of the camera and the blunt, bald, written word, the story of the ruinous presence of mercury in the waters off the Japanese island of Kyusha where the Chisso Corporation had built a chemical factory. In the 1950s a strange crippling and disfiguring disease began to make its appearance among the inhabitants of the town of Minamata, from which the disease takes its name. By January of this year 798 patients had been treated for the disease, with 2800 still waiting for treatment. The company is now paying millions of dollars in medical expenses, allowances and indemnities, and there are plans to dredge Minamata Bay. But the cost in human lives wrecked, and human suffering endured, must be seen in these pictures.

Photographer Smith was beaten up so severely by Chisso union men while taking some of these pictures that he almost lost his life. The claim of the publishers that he is "perhaps the most rigorous photojournalist who ever practiced his trade," is entirely a fair one. I can go further and assert that this is one of the most ruthlessly honest, painful books you are ever likely to come upon. The pictures and text are beautiful and terrible at the same time.

Links Press (distributed by Quick Fox, NYC) has published a small and impressive collection of **Street Art** ($7.95 paper) by Robert Sommer, who went to Canadian and American cities to record murals on city walls, paintings on sides of buildings, most of it folk art, and all of it in poor and rundown neighborhoods. "There is very little street art in middle-class residential neighborhoods dominated by the custodial mentality," says Sommer. But he has recorded in his photographs and in his essay some fine stuff he found on construction fences, sides of houses, on rocks, windows and on the Emeryville, California mudflats, where some good found sculpture stands. The exuberance of street people has been proven before, in the subway art in New York, in the graffiti everywhere. Here neighborhood artists have covered walls so successfully that street art has discouraged defacing graffiti and made art out of inherent urban ugliness. A lovely book to look at; a fine idea for bookmaking.

William Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, was celebrated at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, perhaps the greatest collection of Shakespeare material in the world, with the publication of S. Schoenbaum's monumental study. **William Shakespeare: a Documentary Life** (Oxford University Press; $50) will delight scholars because it provides them with actual documents in facsimile—for example the marriage

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license bond of 1582 "between William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey of Stratford," and Shakespeare's Last Will and Testament of 25 March 1616. "Documents" in this volume mean everything—every agreement, memorandum, conveyance, deposition, summons, in which Shakespeare's name appears; the number is surprising.

But, lest you think this is a document-dry volume, let me assure you that it is easily, even gracefully written, with a flowing narrative, personal style that is continually readable. The reproduced mss, in themselves sometimes difficult to make out, are amply expanded upon and explained in the text. A lifetime of devoted research must have been invested in this lovely book; the result is that it is of inestimable value to both the scholar and the general reader. This last is not always the case with books of profound scholarship.

It is often regarded as indiscrete to remark upon the work of one's colleagues, even collusive, especially so when the book comes from the same press that typesets the magazine in which one is writing. But I will take the chance of such accusations by simply informing our readers that John Osborne's columns in 1974 for *TNR* have now appeared in book form, **The Last Nixon Watch** (The New Republic Book Company; $7.95), that this is the sixth volume in the series of published collections of the respected White House correspondent, that it contains a valuable (my own, entirely honest and private view) introduction that is an overview of the whole Nixon time, and some sharp, funny cartoons by *Boston Globe* cartoonist Paul Szep. I would also add, gratuitously, that sharing an office suite with Osborne has in no way diminished my admiration for his reporting and interpretations. How many others can say that, about anyone?

Addendum: Book fairs abound. At the end of last month (April 25-27) there was one for small presses and little magazines of New England, in Boston, at which writers read their work, presses exhibited theirs. General problems of publishing and getting published by small houses occupied the attention of the weekend book affair. Now, concurrently with ABA (American Booksellers Association) annual convention (May 25-28), the Second Annual New York Book Fair will be exhibiting its "literary, feminist, Black, Third World, ecology, art," and other wares, free, in the old US Customs House (1 Bowling Green) near Battery Park in lower Manhattan. I mention the address because the sponsors worry about the location; it is unusual, and even historic, for the Customs House has been dark for almost 17 years, and book fair people have managed to get it open for their event, despite all kinds of "red tape and grey cobwebbing."

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

nothing but parade clichés of movie-struck goofiness, with none of the erotic power of West's maddening adolescent. Black wrecks what small chance the picture might have had for crystallizing an American nightmare.

Inevitably there are a lot of old songs on the sound track, including some old recordings. The best thing in the picture is Louis Armstrong singing "Jeepers Creepers."

Charles Denner is one of my favorite actors; for him alone *And Now My Love* is worth seeing. This new film by Claude Lelouch, written by him and Pierre Uytterheuven, scrabbles in the usual Lelouch way for French charm and in fact succeeds occasionally; but the overall effort is so strenuous, and so overlong and rambling, that the whole almost negates the success of some of its parts. Denner, however, is excellent both as a *fin de siècle* Parisian filmmaker—Jewish—and his own son (eventually) who goes to a Nazi concentration camp, marries a fellow-survivor, then becomes a multimillionaire.

The film centers on the rich man's daughter, played by Marthe Keller (who also plays her own grandmother and mother) and a young ex-convict who becomes a filmmaker, André Dussollier. Keller and Dussollier are both very appealing, and the former, particularly, delivers when called on to act. The story tells how these two young people, clearly meant for each other, wander unknowingly past one another in other amours until finally they join.

Lelouch works hard at oh-so-Gallic vignettes out of '30s French films, like a restaurant owner who walks around with a trained rooster on his shoulder. But some of the picture is pleasant, the young people are attractive, and there is Denner. Two moments: On the train returning to Paris from the camp, the haggard Denner, still in camp dress, strikes up a conversation with a worn, scarred, beautiful young woman, also in camp dress. He tells her his name, she tells him hers. He puts his hand out and says, "Enchanté." With that one word, in that wonderful voice of his, he restores them both to human status. And there's the moment when, in a hospital corridor, they tell him that she has died in childbirth. It's really too fine for this ragbag film.

NEXT WEEK

Stanley Kauffmann reviews the films
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The Invitation

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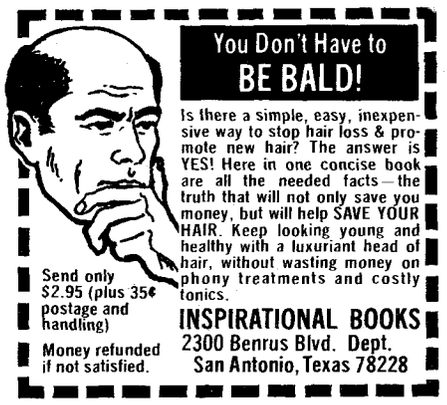
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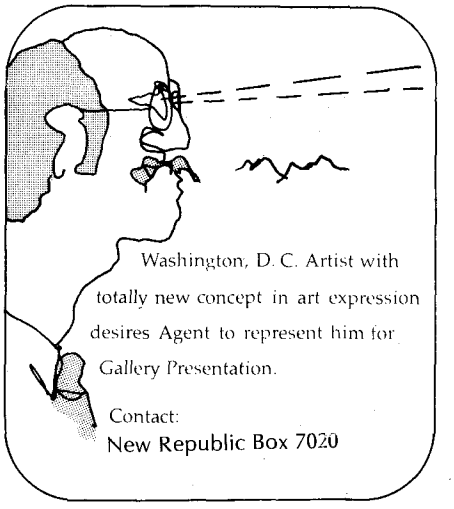
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